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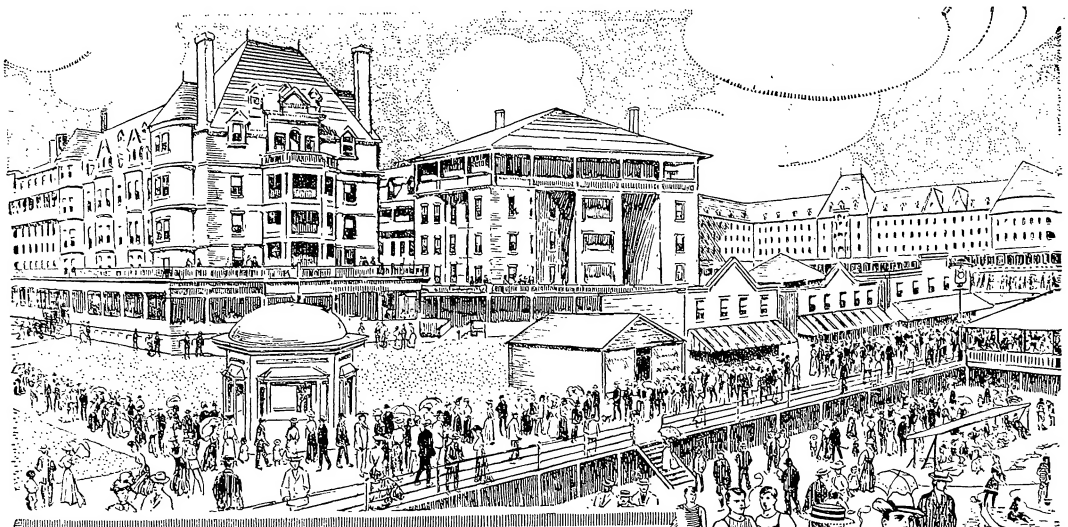

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BROADWAY MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI JULY, 1906 No. 4

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new beginner. "I'm a *new beginner*." Better say, simply: "I'm a *beginner*." The *new* is included in *beginner*, and the addition of the adjective is tautological. The finest utterance is in fewest words.

kind of a (an). Omit the article. Not "What *kind of a* man is he?" but "What *kind of* man?" Not "It is a *kind of an* animal," but "a *kind of* animal."

sales'la"dy. A hopeless abomination. Why not also "*salesgentleman?*" If *salesman* is a worthy term to apply to a man, its appropriate counterpart is *saleswoman*, which is the only correct term.

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We Want Short Stories

THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE is prepared to spend, at once, $5,000 for short fiction, in lots of $2,500 each, the first $2,500 to be expended for fiction received between now and September 1st. The second $2,500 to be expended for fiction received between September 1st and October 1st. No special conditions govern this expenditure except that all manuscript must be typewritten and stamps enclosed for return.

Character of Fiction Required

THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE wants good short stories—stories of life as it is being lived to-day—stories of real men and women, not fabrications of fancied sentiment and emotion.

We want stories that count, and we are willing to pay for them. We want modern stories, but the kind of modern story that is age-old and would have stirred any men and any women of equal intelligence with us of to-day. We are looking for human interest; universal appeal; strength and sweetness; purity and power.

We like the New York story,—good local color,—but we do not want the New York story exclusively. We want good pictures of life anywhere, so long as the picture is earnestly and sincerely presented. We do not want the literature of hopelessness. We do not want the Smart story. We want the man who can "paint the thing as he sees it", and who uses a big, clean canvas.

The story writer who is wearied with the problem of conforming to the standard policy of various magazines will find here his chance. We are willing to let our story writers help us to build our fiction policy. Our standard is a standard that adjusts itself to all goodness and growth. Those writers whose desire is toward the untried, more stupendous effort will find us sympathetic and ready. We believe in the bigger, better short story. We believe there is a demand for it. We believe that the co-operative efforts of editor and author will produce it. The new BROADWAY MAGAZINE is a market for it.

We Want Special Articles

At the same time we are in the market for good strong specials—the kind that reach after the keenest sense and perception of people, and wake them to the interest and beauty which lies untouched in so many phases of the world.

Our field is New York,—the great seething Metropolis which lies here on the Atlantic seaboard, but through that we hope sometimes to reach into strange and distant places. If Metropolitan capital or Metropolitan energy are threading their way into the wilds of Alaska, or the distant forests of Africa, we might readily follow them. If New York talent or New York acumen were astonishing or illuminating Europe or any other part of the world, we might follow them there. The local field is a vast world in itself *though*, and through that we hope to be able to interpret some very large and very striking phases of life. If you are new to New York, and are struck with its life and energy; if you feel that its libraries are wonderful, its museums storehouses of the remarkable; if the Bowery, the Ghetto, the Art quarters, the business world or the social world are strange and arouse great feelings in you; if you feel that you ought and can write of them, bring your ideas to us in special form.

We are after pictures of every phase of the great city from its strange colonies to its strange energies. At the same time we are after studies of any wrong or any right, any personality, or any department, or any movement. All these things come within the purview of the new BROADWAY. We are looking for specials on these things, full of keen, incisive, individual point of view. If you wish to obtain an appreciative hearing bring your material to us. All manuscripts will be promptly examined, passed upon, purchased or returned.

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The Problem of Magazine Building

THE problem of magazine building is a great problem. The owner, the editor, the business manager are all dealing with an unknown quantity, the mass of the people. They hope to sell their publication to this mass. The editor hopes to get some form of material which will interest a majority of the people. The business manager hopes to get some form of display which will catch their eye and make them understand what the editor has placed before them. The publisher endeavors constantly to hearten the souls of the editor and the business manager with suggestions drawn from a world of commercial and social experience. He hopes to show both how it may be done.

An Editorial Statement

This magazine, built along the sincerest and most earnest and artistic lines, hopes to win public favor. The idea is that if we succeed in producing a magazine which is at once beautiful and helpful, which has personality and individuality, it will succeed. The field we have, all worked out clearly before us—the field of New York City. The individuality and the personality, the beauty and helpfulness constitute that long road down which the working forces of the magazine must travel, hoping that each succeeding number will be the number in which it has achieved its ideal.

Only the individual reader can tell—you who are reading this statement now—whether the publisher, the editor, and the business manager, and, back of them, the host who go to lend color and force to every good publication, have succeeded. The thousands who flock to our standard each month, coming because they find here something which they do not find elsewhere, will prove whether the judgment of these people is right.

Concerning the current number, we can only say that it is better than the last, not that it is any final indication of what it will be in the future. The stories this month are exceptional—indeed, of their kind they could not be better. The special articles are better. We have had a little time and have therefore been able to select a few things which we think will be of general interest. The illustrations are better, for the reason that we have had an opportunity to call in a few artists who are well known in their field, and have them illustrate the material on hand. In the future, all these various sides of magazine-making will receive greatest attention, and the magazine will reach out along lines distinctively significant of New York and all that it stands for.

One of the principal features of this number to which we wish to call your attention is the opening article—"The Future Beauty of New York." Here is a subject which has been discussed in the newspapers and out, in art circles and by the public in general for years, without any definite understanding of just what was meant by all the things which were talked of concerning the future beauty of New York. One group of people like this wanted this thing done; another that improvement made. Between new and old administrations, Commissioners of Bridges, Departments of Highways, New York City Improvement Commissioners and others, the most magnificent schemes have been planned—some feasible, some not feasible. It is of unquestionable interest to all New Yorkers, to all Americans outside of New York to know what has been done or what in a measure it is proposed to do, and consequently we open the magazine this month with a series of pictures in color, which show exactly what the present status of the various theories and ideas is. We have had Mr. Remsen Crawford, who is a

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most capable investigator, look into this matter, and with the various drawings of plans we present his views.

Another feature which we have set aside for this number and one which we believe will thoroughly interest the mass of those who love and admire the character of Christ are the various views of the master, painted by the ten New York artists who recently exhibited these pictures together. Mr. Low, Mr. Cox, Mr. La Farge, Mr. Curran and the other eminent members of this company have made striking representations which deserve wide recognition. We have presented the paintings of each because we believe no subject could be of more general interest, and this belief we hope will be sustained in judgment of the reader also.

No person, as we have said before, has a keener insight into the foibles and humorous failings of humanity than Mr. James L. Ford, whose ideas are being used to illuminate the New Broadway. Mr. Ford has a number of interesting side-lights which he wishes to present, but the one he has chosen for July is that of the invasion of the slums on the social outskirts by the morbid seekers of sensation. It is called "From the Slums to Culture's Heights." Mr. Ford's pen never flags. It is always brisk and keen, and, above all, amusing. You will enjoy this.

The number of other equally interesting articles and departments is considerable, as you may see. We would call your attention to the collection of paintings of society women by well-known New York artists; and the intimate view of one phase of Coney Island given by Stewart Gould. These things, with the work of Lilian Bell in the dramatic department, and that of Geo. C. Jenks in "The Month in New York," make up an array of special material which we trust will entertain for the time being.

On the fiction side we have something equally satisfactory to offer. It is not easy to obtain good short stories, as you know. The market is being ransacked by those who are getting out many types and styles of publications. We have convictions of our own in this matter and are looking for human interest. We do not claim that at once we are going to publish great stories. We are going to publish the best we can lay our hands on.

In this connection we invite your attention to "Mellish's Suspicion," by Frederic Taber Cooper, and "My Neighbor," by Annie Hamilton Donnell. These are stories, after their kind, of which we are proud. Then read "The Elliotts' Psychic Experience," by Maravene Kennedy, and "In the Other Room," by H. M. Lyon. You will see in them examples of excellent workmanship. "Mr. Blink's Automobile," by F. H. Seymour, "Nemesis, and the Reverend Benjamin Gates," by Mary Louise Milmow, and "The Swiss Mountaineers," by Montague Glass, are selected solely because they will make you smile. The duty, in part, of a magazine is to make you cheerful.

In August many changes for the better, even yet, will have taken place. We are arranging several departments covering fields hitherto not touched, which will add variety and interest. We are seeking some very unusual stories and specials. Much of this material is now definitely in hand. You want to watch this magazine, for it is going to grow and grow quickly. We ask no more than a casual inspection on the stands. You will see.

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JULY

1906

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The Toil of the Cities

THE toil of the cities is strife. It is no more toil—it is strife, man with man. No joyous songs accompany it. Man wrests from man the fruit of the toil of other men; which is a mad perversion of the strength of body and brain. The treasures pass from the one to the other. The victors have them, and the vanquished lack them . . . Neither fish nor wool, nor hewn wood, nor welded iron, is here added to the sum of treasure, which yet marvelously increases. Whence does it come? Of what vast value is it, that men should murder love in strife for it? That is past understanding; for, from season to season, the earth and the sea bounteously provide for all the needs of men . . . Even so! The victors make the night hideous with glitter and laughter, sleeplessly continuing, as if some great thing had been achieved. True night is silent and dark. They daub it with flaring inventions; they fill its silence with frivolity . . . The vanquished? They envy. They are harnessed every dawn, they are whipped, they are driven. In envy they die.—*Norman Duncan.*

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BROADWAY MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI. JULY, 1906. No. 4

The Future Beauty of New York

By Remsen Crawford

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Proposed 40-story Singer Building to be located at the North end of the Financial District.

This building when completed will give the lower end of New York's sky-line much the appearance that it bears here.

UNPITYING critics have long laughed at New York's reprehensible disregard of decorative art, and candor compels the regretful admission that to Father Knickerbocker a primrose has ever been a primrose, and nothing more. The time he has "lost in wooing, in watching and pursuing" Dame Fortune has justified reproach for his tardiness in beautifying his house, and this tardiness cannot be excused by such logic as "Rome was not built in a day." To cut down the Indians' sheltering trees and pile a mass of brick and mortar from the Battery to Spuyten Duyvil; to slice this ponderous pile with 448 miles of streets; to fling upon these streets a network of railroad tracks; and then to turn back and flaunt more brick and mortar skyward has been a task too engaging, too strenuous to inspire to poesy in a Knickerbocker soul. To throw a sky-line, rude, ungainly and bewilderingly lofty, over his island has been more to his fancy than the building of castles, or the planting of flowers to rival the rose gardens of Spain.

But New York is not hopelessly unlovely; and there is a promise in the vast schemes, architectural and sculptural, now being worked out by the municipal authorities, artists and art-lovers, that the present generation will live to look upon a city as attractive as it is majestic. Plans have been laid for many improvements already: some of the projects have gone far enough to warrant final success, and the systematic organization of the work by Mayor George B. McClellan has gratified New Yorkers of artistic mind more than any Mayor's act in recent years.

Incredible as it may seem, this awakening in decorative and municipal art dates back but a few years. One would think New Yorkers of the old school might have started schemes for beautifying the town far more readily than the present generation, dealing as the present generation has to do with amazing increases in the price of real estate, with the cruel invasion of commercialism, and with anything but an aristocratic trend of politics. It may be conservatively stated that New York's real awakening in municipal art started with the building of the famous Dewey arch. The sculptors who created that frail and transient thing of beauty taught New Yorkers that it is not even yet too late to make their city lovely—that the skyscraper has not entirely usurped the domain of Manhattan, and that even in its ungainly shadow a street can be made beautiful.

The Plans of the Municipal Art Society

It is quite true that the Municipal Art Society of New York City was organized in 1893, and was incorporated in 1898, and that the architects, sculptors and painters who formed it had full recognition of the great opportunities of decorative art, mural paintings, and sculpture as applied to designing and constructing public and private buildings. But, it is also true that these artists met so little encouragement in their projects that little work was really accomplished, and in 1901 a proposition to dissolve the society was defeated by just one vote. Then came a reorganization, and in more recent years the Society has been far more successful, and is to-day to be credited with having suggested the main projects

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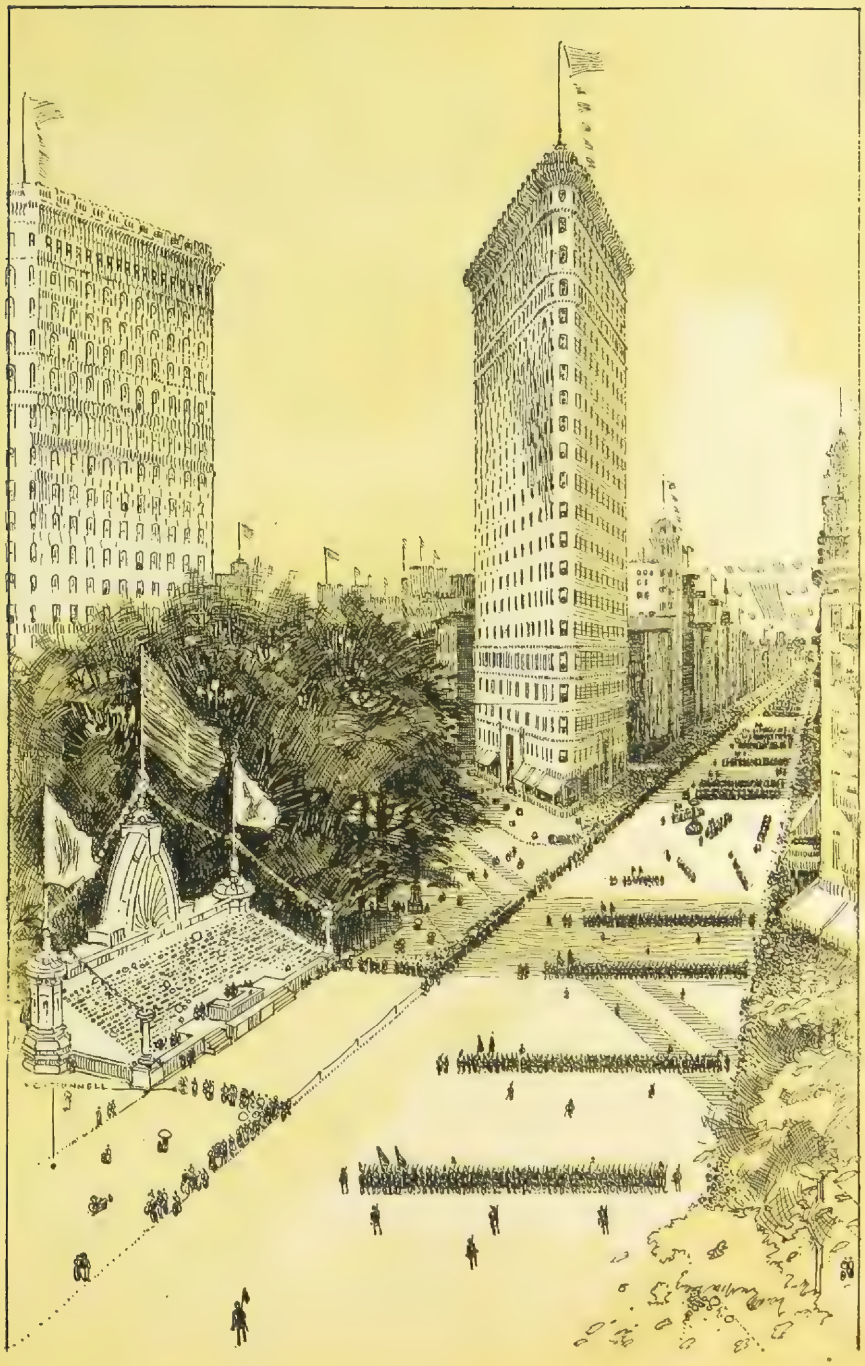

Reviewing Stand, Fifth Avenue, opposite Twenty-fifth Street.
This would replace undignified temporary structures and would combine bandstand accommodations and public comfort stations.

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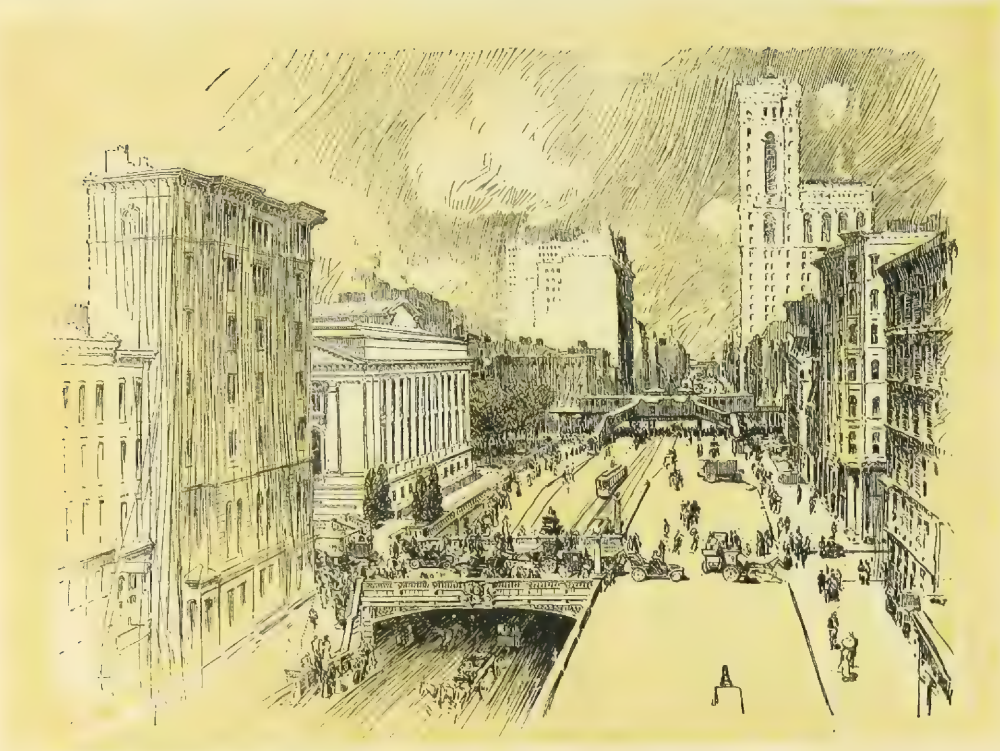

Suggested Change of Grades at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street.

The trolley cars would go in a depression above the present subway, and Fifth Avenue traffic would cross this depression over a bridge.

that are now making for the New York Beautiful.

And what a splendid city this New York Beautiful will be! From a roof garden in the skies, what fascination and charm to look down upon a gorgeous group of public buildings in the enlarged City Hall park; upon the great plaza of the new entrance to Brooklyn Bridge; upon the spacious approach to the Williamsburg Bridge down there in the slums; upon that great promenade built over the maelstrom of commercial activity along the water's edge of West Street; upon the finely fashioned mural outlines of the new, artistic Herald Square; upon the grandiose boulevard stretching along Fifth Avenue in Central Park when the sepulchral stone wall has been torn away; upon a refreshing park where Chinatown of to-day blots the municipal map!

How gratifying to the eye to see amid the great area of red brick blocks more numerous patches of green lawn with flowers and vines! How pleasing to contemplate the imposing arch of the new Manhattan bridge, stretched over East River between the Brooklyn and the Williamsburg bridges; and still farther north the superb towers of the double span over Blackwell's Island to Astoria.

These things are not in the realm of iridescent dreams. Many of the projects are under way. Others have been adopted, and all that remains is to plan out the method and the means of fulfillment. Some have failed of adoption by the city thus far, but continued agitation by the authors of the plans will, undoubtedly, in the near future bring about their complete materialization.

The City has practically already drawn its plans for the extensions around Manhattan entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge, and it is entirely within the bounds of probability that before the work of demolishing the block immediately north of the approach where the Staats-Zeitung building now stands is completed, all that strip of land from Centre Street to Broadway on the

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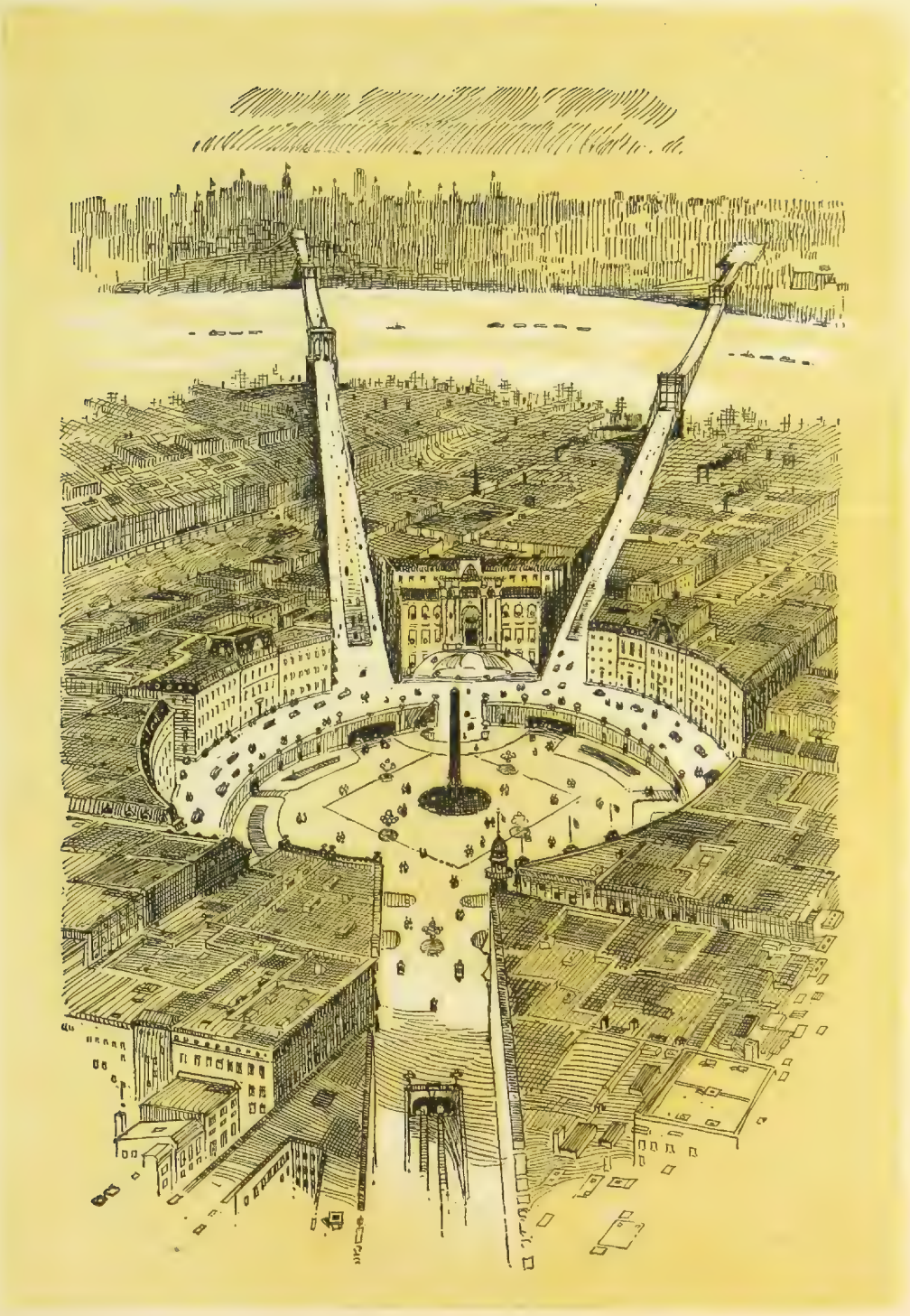

Common Plaza for the Approaches to the East River and Manhattan Bridges in the Borough of Brooklyn.

This would secure to the Borough of Brooklyn a great and impressive entrance and would greatly relieve the congestion in Fulton Street.

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northern side of Chambers Street will be purchased to enlarge City Hall Park and furnish more spacious environment for the municipal buildings.

Charles R. Lamb's Plan for City Hall Park

Such a plan has been suggested by Charles R. Lamb, President of the Municipal Art Society, who has caused plans with drawings to be submitted. As in most cases of municipal improvement, such plans will have, first, to pass through the hands of the New York City Improvement Commission, which is one of Mayor McClellan's favorite creations, and then through the hands of the Municipal Art Commission which is more of the nature of an art court, or censor. It has already been urged by the City Improvement Commission that the city shall secure the passage of an excess condemnation act, authorizing it to use the power many European cities exercise of condemning more property for public building sites than is really necessary for the sites themselves, thus enabling the city to reap the benefit of the enhanced value of neighboring property.

The plan proposed by Mr. Lamb of the Municipal Art Society involves a great work in extending the boundary of City Hall Park. It has been his persistent contention that the city ought to group its municipal public buildings at City Hall park, and he has pointed out the way here to do this at less cost than it takes at present to rent offices for the various departments of the city government in the various buildings in the neighborhood of City Hall Park. So far from overcrowding the City Hall Park with these public buildings, Mr. Lamb's project provides for one of the most beautiful spots in the entire city, taken in connection with the new entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge.

Entrance to Interior Street, the Fifty-ninth Street Plaza.

It is intended that this street shall be an "arcade" for pedestrians only, with the trolley system laid in a subway beneath it. It would extend from the Plaza at Fifty-ninth Street to the Blackwell's Island Bridge Terminal at Third Avenue.

An Overhead Elevated Street along the Water Front

The proposition to erect an overhead elevated street along the water front of West

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Street, from the Battery to Seventy-second Street, has not gone as far as it might have gone with the municipal authorities, but it has been favorably received by the general New York public. The advantages to be derived from such an elevated promenade are apparent. It would leave side streets free for the use of the great throngs of pedestrians passing to and from Jersey City, Hoboken and the various railroad and steamship stations on the other side of the North River. Approaches might extend from this elevated promenade to the recreation piers. It is further proposed to have ample means of access and exit by stairs at the cross streets, and inclined planes for carriages and other light vehicles. The promenade would be decorated with artificial parks, potted plants, palms, shrubbery and flowers; and New York's northern water-front instead of presenting as it does to-day the spectacle of congestion, din and confusion, would become one of the most delightful thoroughfares. Mr. Lamb's idea in this connection is not unlike the famed promenoirs of Antwerp. In that city the Scheldt river is the very life of the community in respect to trade, and the shipping interests are great. Naturally the water-front district is inhabited by the poorer classes of citizens; and there was the accustomed squalor about the general view of the place until the city constructed the promenoirs, or elevated terraces, as they are called there. Since that time the water front has been made one of the most attractive districts of the city and a popular resort for recreation and pleasure.

There is a great portion of the North River water front that is not now and never will be suitable for commercial purposes, and the City Improvement Commission has already recommended to the Mayor the advisability of procuring much of the elevated lands near the junction of the Harlem river and the Hudson for parks and pleasure grounds.

Proposed Improvement of Battery Park, showing Union Ferry House for lines running to Staten Island, Brooklyn and Jersey City.

It is intended that this should be to the Staten Islander what the Terminal to the East River and Manhattan Bridges is to the resident of Brooklyn.

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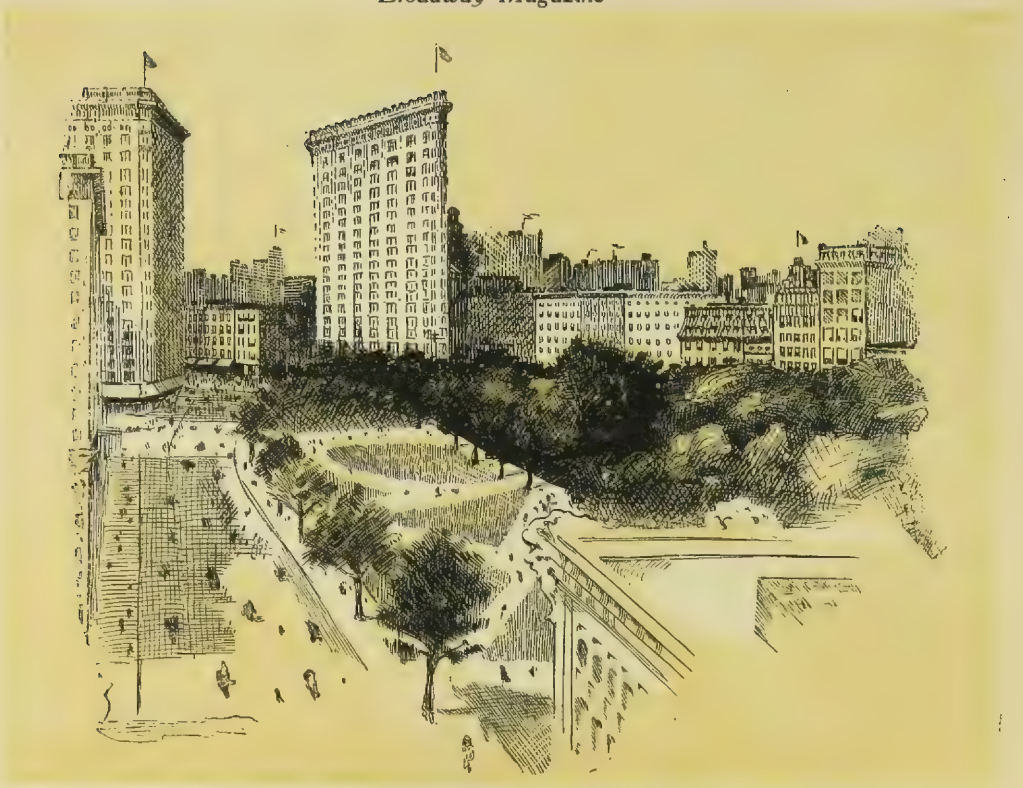

Continuation of Madison Avenue from Twenty-third Street to Broadway.
This, it is thought, will materially relieve the congestion at Twenty-third Street and Broadway.

The Suggestion of Robert Roosevelt

One of the most radical changes of present conditions in the city's geography was suggested a few years ago by Robert Roosevelt. He proposed to tear down the wall of Central Park, from Fifty-ninth Street to One Hundred and Tenth Street, level the ground inside the park contiguous to Fifth Avenue, plant trees and lawns all along the way; thus making a grand boulevard, much after the world-famed Champs Elysée of Paris. Mr. Roosevelt's claim was that Fifth Avenue would thus be added to the park, and a roadway in the park joined with Fifth Avenue would relieve much of the congestion of carriage traffic of that thoroughfare. He further proposed that this boulevard could be extended through Central Park at the northern border and carried over to the Riverside Drive, thus furnishing almost an endless driveway through woodlands, and along the picturesque landscape of Riverside Drive, connecting with the rural roads beyond Spuyten Duyvil. He now carries his project further and shows that trees can be planted along Fifth Avenue north of Central Park and furnish a driveway connecting the main park of Manhattan with the parks of the Bronx. These suggestions are favorably treated in the last report of the City Improvement Commission to the Mayor, and it is not improbable that within the next few years something will be done to secure such improvements, although the invasion of Central park was not favorably received by the New York public at first, being considered an audacious step to precipitate the cutting up of the park and its eventual ruin. Mr. Roosevelt and the members of the Municipal Art Society, however, had no such idea when they made the suggestion, and it is safe to say that if the drawings and maps showing how Fifth Avenue would look when such changes were made could have gained a widespread popular distribution at the time, the public would have been convinced of the great improvement and the enhancement of the general public's convenience conceived by the projectors.

Congested Traffic, Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue

In order to obtain some attractive approach to the Blackwell's Island bridge, which will soon be finished, the promoters of Municipal art have suggested that an interior street be constructed from Fifth Avenue eastward to the bridge between Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth Streets. It is stated by the authorities that such a street could be opened at even less cost than the widening of Fifty-ninth Street. It certainly could be made a much more fitting approach to the picturesque bridge; handsomer and of more practical benefit.

It is further proposed to run the surface cars on Fifty-ninth Street under a tunnel, to the entrance to the bridge from the plaza at Fifty-ninth Street, Fifth Avenue and Central park. It is anticipated that the congestion of traffic in Fifty-ninth Street after the new bridge is opened will be frightful, and the authorities believe that some such plan as this must be adopted in order to give a direct connection from the city with Long Island for heavy traffic, and at the same time make this connection an attractive linking of Central park with Long Island.

There have been further plans laid before the Art Commission for the terminal of the Blackwell's Island bridge, which seek to put the loops underground and prevent congestion at the entrance of the bridge at Second Avenue. At the same time a park might be secured between Second and Third Avenues, Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth Streets.

Various suggestions have been made for improving the conditions of congested traffic along Fifth Avenue. It has time and again been planned to broaden the avenue by removing the stoop line, and requiring the residents of the fashionable thoroughfare to allow the sidewalks to extend right up to the building line. This would give more space for the street proper, which has for many years been too narrow for the increased travel along the carriage

Proposed Subway Loop Terminal for the Blackwell's Island Bridge.
This shows a possible method of preventing the surface congestion, such as exists at present at the Brooklyn Bridge Terminal. It also secures a park and breathing place for a densely peopled neighborhood.

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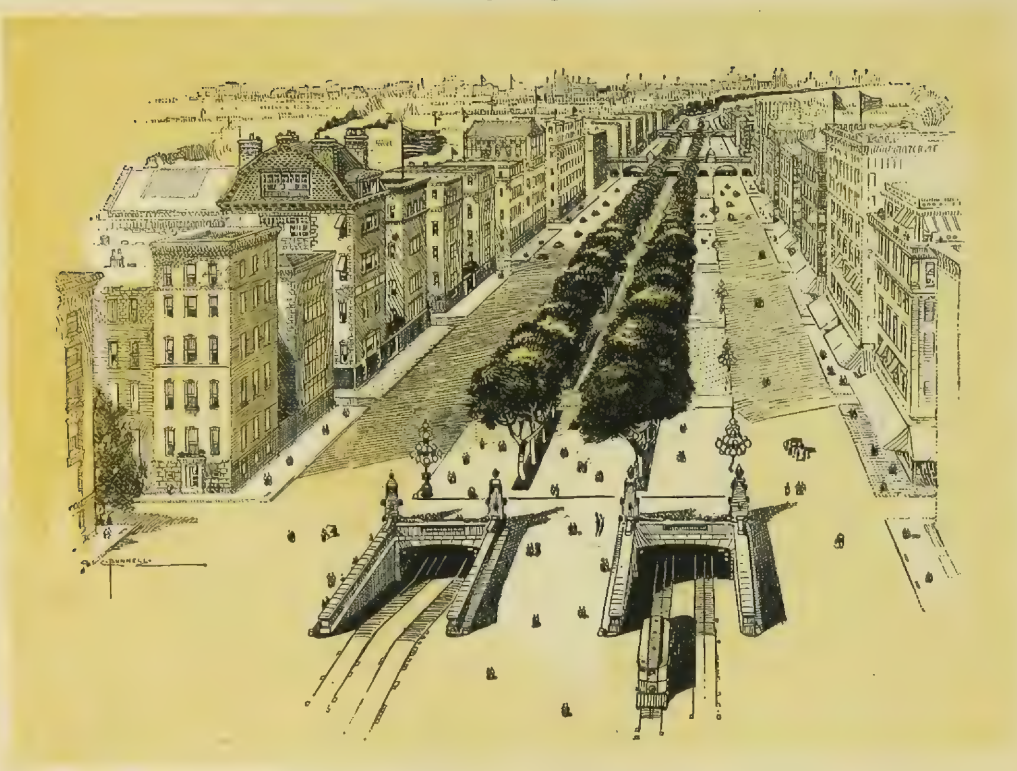

View of Proposed Treatment of Delancey Street, as seen from the Williamsburg Bridge.

It is proposed to deviate the elevated traffic through a new diagonal street to the Bowery and Canal Street. (See General Plan). The trolleys, as shown, are run in subways, connecting with up and down traffic on both the East and West sides.

way. It has been recommended by the City Improvement Commission that not only should the stoop line be removed, but that the cross streets should be tunnelled under Fifth Avenue, thus precluding all possibility of the absurdly long waits now required of carriages and automobiles and vehicles generally. This congestion has become a nuisance, particularly at the crossing of Forty-second street, and it will be more so after the completion of the colossal public library on the site of the old reservoir. Messers Carrère & Hastings, architects of the public library, have drawn a plan providing that half of Forty-second street shall pass under Fifth Avenue, leaving the remainder of the street for other surface travel than trolley cars to cross Fifth Avenue at grade. It is shown that this tunnel under Fifth Avenue would not interfere with the subway, which is at a considerably greater depth underground at that point than the tunnel for trolley cars need be.

A plaza in common for the Brooklyn and the Manhattan bridges is another suggestion of great importance which has been taken up by the city authorities. This would still further enlarge the area of park and thoroughfare about the City Hall, and greatly improve traffic and transit connections with the borough of Brooklyn and the City Hall park—which is now, and always will be, the distributing point of the countless legions who live in Brooklyn and work in New York.

Since the Dewey arch was torn down from its site where the great vortex of humanity surges at the labyrinthian corners of Fifth Avenue, Twenty-third Street, Twenty-fourth Street, and Fifth Avenue, there have been many suggestions for some kind of decorative design to adorn that busy, restless spot. The suggestion which the city authorities have been asked to pass upon favorably is the project of the erection there of a reviewing stand. It is proposed to make this reviewing stand one of artistic beauty and sculptur-

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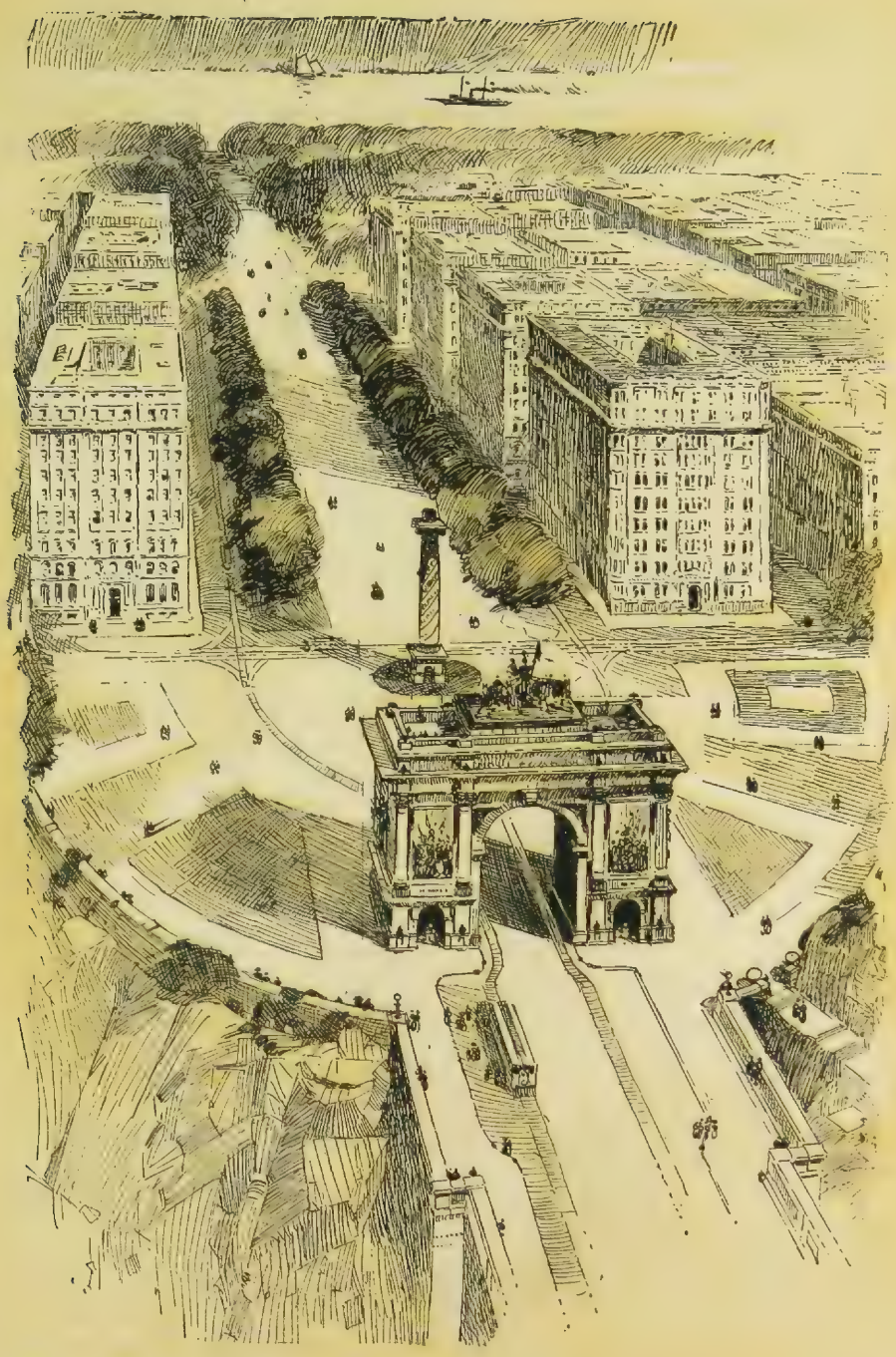

Proposed Widening of One Hundred and Eighty-first Street, looking West from Washington Bridge.
This would make an important connecting link from Fort Washington Park on the North River to Pelham Bay Park on the Sound.

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al grandeur. The advantages to be derived are, first, this would prevent the erection of unsightly stands built for temporary use every time there is to be a notable parade; second, it would fill a spot, now roped off by the traffic squad police, with an ornamental structure; and third, would serve the purpose of a band stand for summer night concerts.

The Future of Herald Square

Many attempts have been made to enforce some municipal regulation of the general arrangement of Herald Square. With towering hotels and apartment houses here and there about the place; with the Rialto-like expression of the northern boundary of the square where the Herald building stands, and a hideous chain of minor red brick stores, restaurants and bar rooms in other places, this spot, although it is one of the principal localities of the city and one of its most important distributing points, has long been neglected. James Gordon Bennet has long exploited plan after plan whereby the square might be made one of the most attractive corners of Manhattan. The Herald has claimed time and time again that the city was guilty of gross neglect in not taking some step to bring about a structural transformation there. There is nothing in conformity. Eveything is out of harmony. One of the most recent plans is to enlarge the square and make connection with the space that will surround the colossal and handsome Pennsylvania railroad station at Thirty-third and Thirty-second Streets, and Seventh Avenue. In addition to this, it is proposed to require some architectural conformity along Sixth Avenue and Herald Square. The general scheme involves the placing of "Isles of Safety" at various spots in the square, as it is known that the network of transportation lines beneath the noisy elevated railroad structure there has made the square one of the most dangerous places in the city. With the Broadway and Sixth Avenue trolley cars north and south, with the cross-town cars in Thirty-fourth Street, and with the tremendous cab and carriage traffic and crowded sidewalks, the ingenuity of the traffic policemen is taxed all the time to prevent fatal mishaps, and scarcely a day passes that some person is not run over.

Plans have already been drawn for the beautifying of the upper end of Manhattan Island in connection with the Hudson Tri-centennial celebration of 1909. It is proposed to erect a memorial bridge in honor of Hendrick Hudson, across Spuyten Duyvil Creek from the heights of Inwood to the heights of Spuyten Duyvil; and the proposition has been favorably received by the public generally. It is said to be an assured fact that this memorial will be built, and that the work will not be long delayed. Many architects have offered suggestions for making it one of the most picturesque bridges around New York.

It is admitted by the City Improvement Commission, by the Art Commission of the city, and by the Mayor himself that it will take time to accomplish all these works making for the City Beautiful, and the Municipal Art Society makes a similar acknowledgment; but the belief is common among all the promoters of municipal art, both official and unofficial, that within the next fifteen years New York will, so far from being called the most unattractive of municipalities, be termed the most beautiful of all American cities, not excepting Washington.

Proposed Improvement of Seventy-second Street and Riverside Drive.
This improvement effectually screens the railroad yard from the driveway.

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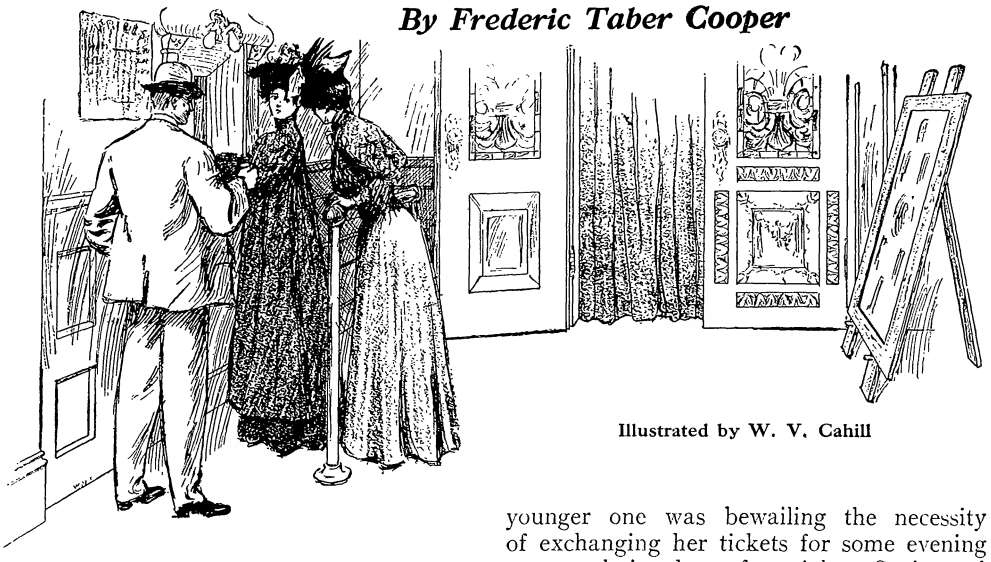
MELLISH'S SUSPICION

By Frederic Taber Cooper



Illustrated by W. V. Cahill

EXCEPTING for Mellish and the two women waiting ahead of him at the ticket window, the lobby of the theatre was deserted. It lacked only twenty minutes to three, when he glanced once more impatiently at his watch. Behind the drawn curtains of the auditorium, ripples of laughter, scattering volleys of applause, told that the usual Saturday matinee audience was getting its usual enjoyment out of the latest popular play, still running to full houses when other theatres had already begun to close for the summer. The man in the box office was at the telephone, the irritating deliberation of his answers being plainly audible from without. He had nothing left for to-night nearer than the nineteenth row. No, nor for next Tuesday either. Wednesday, the house was practically sold out; two large theatre parties. Thursday? He might do better for Thursday. Hold the wire, please.

It seemed to Mellish hardly worth his while to wait. He knew from experience that it was unwise to offer Nora tickets for the nineteenth row; she would rather never see the play at all. The women ahead of him evidently shared his discouragement. The younger one was bewailing the necessity of exchanging her tickets for some evening next week, in place of to-night. Such good tickets, too! It was so like Harry to forget and make an appointment with a business friend. "My dear, during business hours Harry simply doesn't remember that I exist!"

Mellish sighed involuntarily, and care-worn lines revealed themselves on his thin face. He wished that he shared the ability of this unknown Harry, the ability of the average unimaginative, tranquil husband, to shut domestic cares behind him when he stepped out over his threshold in the morning. He wished that just for one busy, harassed day, he might forget that there was such a person as Nora in existence. He knew that it would be better for his peace of mind, better for his business interests, if Nora's face did not hover so often between him and the letters he wrote, the sales he made, the contracts that demanded undivided thought—Nora, with her small, red, mutinous mouth, her aureole of hair like spun copper, her childlike appeal, her wide, gray eyes, avidious of admiration. He wondered vaguely whether other men, outwardly happily married, had their joy cankered by gnawing suspicions, intangible doubts, insidious as microbes, that found a lodgment in the brain, and thrived and bred a fever of unrest.

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The wife of the absent-minded Harry, having at last won attention from the box office, and accepted, under protest, an exchange for the third row in the balcony, made way for Mellish. With the spasmodic brusqueness of natural timidity he demanded the tickets she had just surrendered, and somewhat to his surprise, obtained them. They were splendid seats, nine rows from the stage, on the middle aisle; the sort of seats that Nora always expected him to get. It was characteristic of Nora always to expect the best of everything, and usually to end by getting it. Equally characteristic was her pretty imperiousness, which for a time had almost blinded him to her inborn selfishness.

From the theatre, Mellish turned down Madison Avenue to Twenty-sixth Street, and thence westward along the northern boundary of Madison Square, not because it was a shorter way to his home, but in obedience to a sudden, unreasoning impulse to pass the restaurant where his wife had told him she would be lunching. At this late hour it was quite possible that he had missed her; yet Nora was one who loved to linger over a lunch table, forgetful of the flight of time. There was still a chance that he might catch a glimpse of her through the windows on the Fifth Avenue side, or even have the luck to meet her just coming out, in all the pride of her new raiment. He knew already how extremely well it became her. It had come home from the dressmaker's only the night before, and had put her in a gracious mood for the whole evening. She had even donned it for his private benefit, and had mocked him gaily because he kept forgetting that the right name of all that gorgeousness was a lizard green moire. How she loved the pleasant, luxuriant things of life; dainty viands, lavish clothes, the glitter of many gaslights, the adulation of the passing glance! She was not made for domesticity, she was too exotic—that was the initial fault, the source of his unrest. She craved the stimulus of perpetual excitement; the showy, outside life of theatre, restaurant, hotel; the champagne atmosphere of the modern caravansary. It was in a public restaurant that he had first met her, five years ago—a dinner at Sherry's, where he had first listened to those mutinous red lips, first been dazzled by the coppery glint of her hair, first looked into those wide, gray eyes, and answered their appeal for flattery. She was little more than a child in years—he had realized that at the time—just a tall, slim thing, with a face that robbed him of his sleep. He could smile now, grimly, remembering how he had fought against the piquant spell of her precocity, her nascent grace of womanhood. It was not normal, he had told himself, for a young girl in the butterfly days of life to care seriously for a shy, reserved man like himself, already verging upon forty and settling down to staid bachelor habits. But Nora's family had smiled approval upon the junior member of the established house of Marvin & Mellish, and cleverly manoeuvred to make his courtship easy. He had not been blind to their diplomacy. He had simply allowed himself to be cajoled, deluded, hypnotized into the belief that, through some modern miracle, some special despensation, Nora really loved him. Even now, after five years, there were fleeting hours, halcyon days, when such a belief ceased to seem absurd. Yet, almost from the first, the discrepancy in age had rankled in him, begetting vague suspicions, morbid doubts, symptoms of which he was slow to guess the meaning. Then, one day he realized, with a wave of self-contempt, that he was jealous—he, Mellish, in his sober middle age, jealous of callow youths, with the bloom of undergraduate conceit fresh upon them, the jargon of football in their speech; jealous of every compliment murmured in her ear; jealous of every stranger's flattering glance. That was the burden that he carried secretly, the incubus of an undefined, unjustified jealousy. At times more definite images, ugly thoughts with ugly names, had threatened to crystallize. But he had never quite put them into words, even beneath his breath, never narrowed down his fears to a specific accusation. Above all, he had sought to hide his burden from Nora herself, as one hides a physical deformity.

Before the solid, unpretentious building on the corner, a landmark of fashion and conviviality to an earlier generation, Mellish paused uncertainly, peering blindishly, with near-sighted eyes, wondering whether somewhere behind that broad expanse of spotless window Nora was still there; wondering, indeed, if she had been there at all. He realized that the thought was an epitome of his chronic frame of mind. Between what Nora said she was going to do, and

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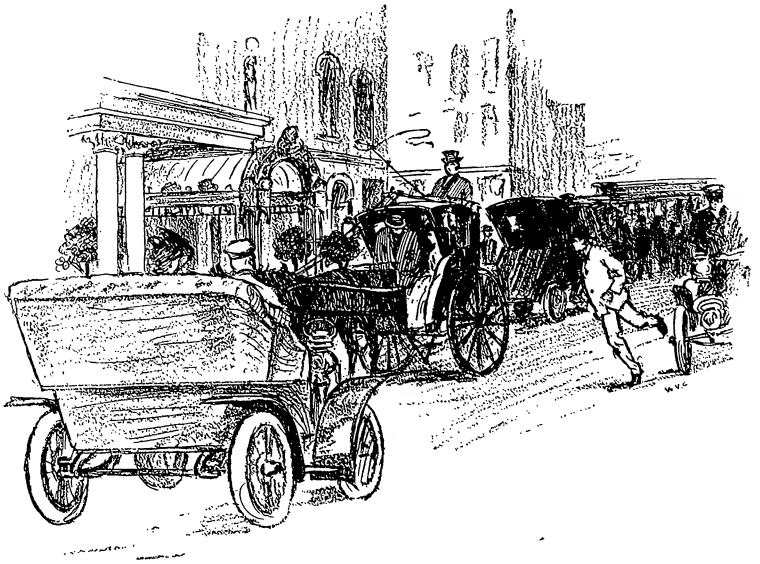
what Nora afterwards did, he felt that there was no fixed ratio. How many times he had sought to meet her, as he was now doing, risking the chance of being inopportune, merely for the sake of seeing her an hour sooner! How many times he had found to his chagrin that the day's plans, gaily rehearsed across the breakfast table, had been discarded for others which took her among scenes and people quite foreign to those among whom he had all day pictured her—equally foreign, the demon of suspicion whispered, to those of whom she afterwards told him in the evening. And always there was a reason for her change of plans, so plausible that it seemed to put him in the wrong for having expected to find her where she had told him she was to be.

With characteristic self-consciousness, Mellish found himself uncomfortably conspicuous, waiting on the corner of the avenue. Yet he could not make up his mind to enter. Instead, he turned westward again, and loitered slowly along the upper side of the cross street, straining his near-sighted eyes each time the wide portals of the restaurant emitted any of its guests, in couples or in groups. He was not sure whom he expected to see, but he knew that he vaguely dreaded their appearance. What was the use of keeping up the pretense with himself? He doubted the truth of what Nora had said—that was the unvarnished, ugly fact. Mrs. Faversham was giving a small luncheon party, Nora had said. Well, in his inmost heart he was by no means sure whether he was expecting to see Mrs. Faversham and the women of her set. He questioned whether Nora would have mentioned this luncheon at all, if he had not in a measure surprised it from her. She had been in the hall, telephoning, when he quietly let himself into the apartment the night before, just before dinner. She had stood beyond the bend in the hall, that threw him partly into shadow. But the full light of the electric shone upon her, emphasizing every change of expression on her mobile face. He had felt a singular clutch at his heart, as he stood there, unseen, and watched her. Nora always had one manner for women and another manner for men. It was only when she talked with men that her gray eyes widened, only when she talked with men that her red lips curved into mutinous pouts. How often he had watched, with feigned indifference, that same scintillating play of her features as she laughed up in the face of some other man, Jack Elting, Ted Voorhis, Windon Hinckley—always just Jack and Ted and Windon, on Nora's lips, never by any accident the formality of a surname. How long she had been there in the hall, talking, wasting her graces on the unseeing telephone, he could only guess. The conversation was about to close. She was saying, with a curious little laugh, "That is all just between us two,



One more step and he could have reached out his hand and touched her arm.

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of course," adding "tomorrow, then, at one-thirty," and had named the restaurant as she hung up the receiver. Then, suddenly, she gave a queer, little, startled cry, "Paul, dear, how you frightened me, creeping in upon me like that, as though you were stalking game!" and then, with nervous haste, she explained that Mrs. Faversham had planned a little luncheon of six, to meet a cousin she was expecting from Buffalo. "I thought you were talking with a man!" he had blurted out, surprised for once into blunt frankness. And then a still queerer look had come over her face, almost a frightened look, he told himself; but she answered quite naturally, "And so I was, my dear. How clever of you! Mrs Faversham is a perfect coward about using a telephone, so he is giving the instructions for her. He was just saying something very nice about you, but I told him I didn't mean to pass it on!" Faversham! The thing seemed unconvincing. Pompous little Faversham, with his shiny forehead, his thin saffron hair, his nervous stammer! She never would have squandered pouts and smiles on him, even over a telephone. Nora's unembellished manner, her manner for women, would always be good enough for any Faversham. Yet somehow, for the moment it had not struck him that her non-committal form of speech might with equal readiness have designated Mrs. Faversham's husband, or her self-complaisant younger brother, Windon Hinckley.

The warm, bright summer afternoon was passing, and still Mellish lingered, staring ineffectually at the doorway, through which he had already ceased to expect her to appear. Suddenly a bevy of women came out together, two, four, yes, six of them. He could not see their faces from across the street. Mrs. Faversham might be there or she might not; but the lizard green moire was unmistakable, even his poor eyes showed that. He made a reckless plunge in front of a delivery wagon, and narrowly shunned an automobile, because his thoughts, like his gaze, were fastened on that group of women across the way, half hidden behind a hansom cab. Nora had told the truth after all, he thought, with a gladness that was almost pain. But as the automobile moved out of his path, he saw her, to his amazement, step into the waiting hansom. A man sprang in after her, a slender man, of medium height, whose face he could not see. The other women had dispersed, melted, vanished in thin air,—it scarcely mattered where, if they were not, after all, Mrs. Faversham's luncheon party. He arrived beside the cab; he caught a sidewise glimpse of the coppery hair, the soft watery shimmer of the green moire; one more step and he could have reached out his hand and touched her arm. The driver swung his long, flexible lash, that snapped like a spiteful cracker within an inch of Mellish's ear. The horse, a yellow roan, with gaunt, ungainly legs, started nervously, scrambling for a foothold on the slippery asphalt, then lurched suddenly forward and swept the woman and her companion from his astounded gaze, around the corner and down Fifth Avenue.

At any other time, had the question been laid impartially before him, Mr. Mellish would have held that a man who tried to follow on foot a rapidly retreating hansom cab through the crowded maze of New York streets, during the busy rush of Saturday afternoon, was in a serious condition, bordering upon lunacy. In the present crisis he did not pause to consider, but simply gathered himself together and sprinted nimbly down the avenue, forgetting for once to be self-conscious, his long thin legs flashing like the long thin spokes of a rapidly turning wheel; his glasses threatening to slip from the bridge of his long thin, nose; his near-sighted eyes straining helplessly after the yellow roan, that flitted like a thing of evil, in and out through the endless stream of landaus, motor cars, omnibuses and business wagons. At Twenty-fifth Street the mounted police, stationed there to regulate traffic, waved the south-bound stream of vehicles westward towards Broadway, through the tag end of a city block that forms the base of the Worth Monument triangle. As they swung in single file, first right, then left again, an electric car for a moment blocked the procession. Like a man chasing a runaway hat, which the wind rolls teasingly just in front of him, Mellish saw, in this temporary lull, a chance to grasp his quarry, although how this was to be done—whether he meant to fling himself into the hansom, like an avenging Nemesis, or to seize the horse by the reins, at the risk of being dragged in the dust; or simply to verify his suspicions with a glimpse of her companion's face—he had for the moment no idea.

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The woman interposed, "Jim, can't you see the man is sick? He is going to fall"

Fate willed it that, in taking the curve, in oblivion of the rights of fellow pedestrians, he should come into collision with a street vender of flowers, a Greek lad with a trayful of spring violets. The damage was inconsiderable, a few bunches flung to the ground, and one of them trodden underfoot; but the occurrence had as obering effect upon Mr. Mellish; it wakened him to a consciousness of the ridiculous figure he was cutting. He could not run amuck this way, through the Broadway crowd, risking strangers' necks as well as his own. His breath, that already came in hard, dry sobs, was a further admonition. He thrust a dollar bill into the hand of the easily pacified Greek, his eyes all the time intent upon the hansom with the yellow roan, that still waited in line not fifty feet ahead of him, with a huge red motor-car impatiently chug-chugging just behind it. Then, all at once, the blockade opened up, the waiting file shot ahead and swung south again, past the Albemarle, the Hoffman House, past the venerable portals of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, onward into the maelstrom of traffic that sweeps around the angle of the Flatiron Building.

Mellish's first lucid thought was to spring into one of the many vacant hansoms that waited along the curb and bid him follow the yellow roan, which this time threatened seriously to elude him. He waved to one spasmodically, with his long arm. Then as it promptly responded, he waved it away again. He realized suddenly that he could not bring himself to take a stranger, even an unknown cab driver whom he might never see again, so far into his confidence as to bid him follow that other hansom. No, he could not expose his jealousy to a cab driver; already he pictured the ironical curiosity in the fellow's eyes. Instead, he swung himself on to a Broadway open car, that for two blocks shot southward with such speed that he gained once more rapidly upon the fugitives, when at Twenty-third Street he suddenly lost sight of them altogether. He rose from the seat he had just taken in a bewilderment of helpless indecision. But the car had started once more before he could decide to get off; and the next minute, as it slowed down for passengers at Twenty-second Street, there came the yellow roan, at full tilt, straight across from Fifth Avenue, as though intent upon running down the car he was in, and him with it. With sudden comprehension he remembered that the police regulations would naturally have obliged it to make the circuit of the Flatiron Building; that was why it had vanished from sight at Twenty-third Street. Now at least he would have a good view of her companion, the man who so insolently appropriated his wife in broad daylight. But three stout women, crowding past him at the critical moment, blocked his view as the cab swung in once more ahead of the car. He had caught only another fugitive glimpse of the green moire, the glint of copper below the green ostrich plume, and still more vaguely a smooth-shaven, black-haired, youngish man beside her. Impotently he cursed his weak, near-sighted eyes, that left him in doubt who the scoundrel was, who brazenly rode there beside Nora, for all Broadway to see. Was it someone whom he knew? Someone who had clasped his hand, partaken of his salt, enjoyed his hospitality a score of times? Among the men who came habitually to her evenings at home, or freely dropped in for dinner or for tea, there were half a dozen of medium height, smooth-shaven and with darkish hair. It might be any one of these. The names seemed to repeat themselves trippingly in his ear, in rhythm with the hum of the car-wheels—Jack Elting, Ted Voorhis, Windon Hinckley—Windon Hinckley? The image of Mrs. Faversham's brother persisted in recurring to his mind, crowding to the front, elbowing out of the way the other vaguer phantoms of his uncertainty. Never before, in all these months of unspoken jealousy, had his suspicions focussed definitely upon any one man. Windon Hinckley! With his foppish dress, his dilettante manner, the indefinable stamp of dissipation in his boyish face and keen, bold eyes. He had never even tried to like Hinckley. It had jarred upon his sense of fitness to see Nora, with her innate fineness, suffer contact with a nature that he stigmatized as vicious. Yet this antipathy was so intangible that he had never put it into words. He had simply left the house, on more than one flimsy excuse, had gone out into the winter night, rather than listen to Windon's light, frothy talk, rather than hear his high-pitched laugh, that seemed to penetrate the furthest corner of the apartment, rather than see Nora's gray eyes widen mockingly, in feigned rebuke of his flippant audacities.

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That was the way he had guarded his home, by taking his hat and going out into the winter night! No wonder that Windon's laughter had seemed to fill the apartment. So blind a husband was a rare diversion! And, after all, how was it that he had never been definitely afraid of Windon before? Now that his mind was receptive of something definite, a hundred damnatory trifles rose up out of the past, cumulative and convincing.

At Union Square the cab turned east once more. Mellish sprang recklessly from his car, without waiting for it to slow up, and broke into a run once more, as though the devil were spurring him. A hundred flower vendors with trampled violets could not have stayed him now, under the impulsion of his new certainty. Cutting diagonally across the square, he gained somewhat on the cab, which was fading into the vista of Fifteenth Street when he finally reached the corner. Luck once more played into his hands, in the shape of an open trench where a gas main was being repaired. The cab must wait while a dump cart was backed out of the way. Ten doors further on it drew up in front of a four-story brick dwelling, in whose fallen fortunes could be read the history of a slow transition through successive grades of indigent gentility. It had lately been converted into a second-rate bachelor apartment, of the sort that exercised no censorship over the quality or sex of its tenant's visitors. The vestibule, with the gleaming brass of its speaking-tubes and letter boxes, was the one touch of newness in the whole shabby exterior.

Mellish, reeling dizzily in pursuit, his forces almost spent, was not a hundred feet away when the hansom stopped. From the ambush of a grocer's wagon he saw the couple descend, saw the driver touch his hat in acknowledgment of his fare, saw her glance apprehensively up and down the street, before gathering up the folds of her green skirt, and slipping furtively through the doorway. As the man vanished after her, Mellish awoke to a consciousness that he was about to lose them. The street door had closed again before he could reach it. In his haste to gain admission he impetuously pushed every one of the eight new brass bells in rapid succession. The automatic latch sounded a responsive staccato, the knob yielded to his hand, and he sprang into the inner hall, stumbling over a scrub-woman's pail, standing just within the dim vestibule. From somewhere above him there floated down through the gloom of the narrow stairs the sound of voices and a woman's laughter.

Up through the darkness, the closeness, the stale odor of cooked food, Mellish sprang two steps at a time. The physical strain had told upon his strength; the throbbing beat of his heart rang in his ears, shutting out other sounds, deadening thought itself. As in a dream he was conscious of softly opening doors, and curious heads thrust out as he passed successive landings. That was the consequence of his reckless pressure on all those new brass bells. Half way up the third flight he was just in time to see the trail of the green moiré vanish through the doorway of the front apartment. Some how he managed to cover the remaining distance and thrust his foot forward, just as the door closed, to keep it from latching. At the same time he knocked with wrathful vigor. He heard her startled exclamation as the door was flung open by a man who certainly was not Windon Hinckley, a man whom he had never seen before "Well, my friend, what do you want?" the man asked sharply. "I want my wife!" Mellish gasped hoarsely, and flung himself into the room. As he did so she turned and faced him, a woman with coppery hair and a lizard green dress—but not Nora, thank Heaven, not Nora! He voiced the thought wonderingly, incredulously: "You are not Nora!" It took a minute of two for the truth to sink in. He had followed the wrong couple through a mile of New York streets, he had tracked them to their lair, he had violently broken in upon them, and all that he could think to say in explanation was just these four enigmatic words, "You are not Nora!" He felt their ludicrous inadequacy, as he uttered them. "Mercy, how he scared me!" said the woman, "I felt sure that it was Sam!"

Mellish suddenly felt strangely shaken, strangely faint and weak. Every thing seemed to thave grown curiously black, blacker even than the stairs he had just come up, two steps at a time. That was it, he told himself, the stairs and the heat and the excitement. He heard the man's voice saying brusquely, as if from some remote distance, "Well, now that you know it isn't Nora, don't you think you had better be going?" And the woman inter-

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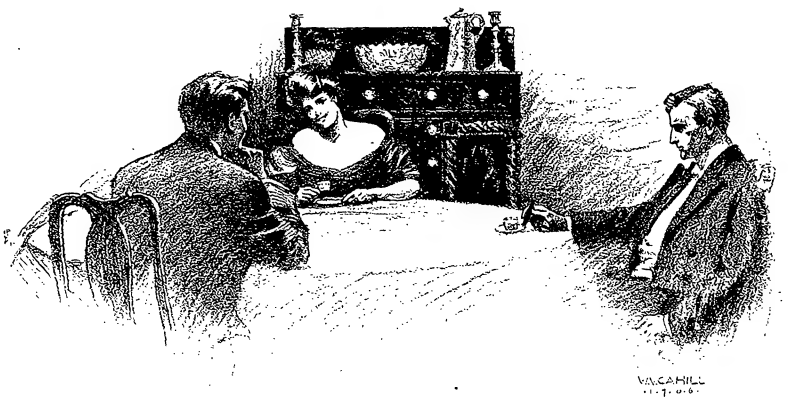

They just shut him out—these two familiar spirits; they had forgotten he was there.—

posed hastily, "Jim, can't you see the man is sick? He is going to fall!" Mellish tried to get to the door, tried to frame some words of apology, excuse, protest, all in one. Instead, he collapsed weakly into a chair. It was a new morris chair, with gaudy plush cushions. His last conscious sensation was the stuffy smell of new upholstery.

As the haze cleared from his eyes, the woman was holding a thick tumbler containing brandy to his lips—the woman who had felt sure that he was Sam, the woman whose hair was so like Nora's, and whose eyes and mouth were so different. As she leaned over him, he noted the cold, bold violet of her eyes, the irregularity of her teeth, one of them badly blackened. In the immensity of his relief he felt his heart expand towards this clandestine couple who had been so afraid that he was Sam, and who now so plainly wished him to be gone. It really would have been awkward for them to have a stranger seriously ill or dying on their hands. Police, reporters, coroner's jury—such were the fears that he read in the attentions they forced upon him. No wonder they chafed his hands and spilled the brandy down his collar, in their haste to see him on his feet again! Yet he was not in the least haste to be gone. It was such a comfort to lie there feebly, with eyes half closed, and gaze around the room. The dingy wallpaper, the tawdry hangings, the cheap newness of the Third Avenue furniture, all bore in upon him the realization that such people and such surroundings did not form a part of his world, of Nora's world—that it was impossible to make Nora fit into any of the ridiculous pictures that his sick fancies had conjured up. Dainty, fastidious Nora, who always demanded the best of everything and usually got it—why, her very selfishness would have been proof armor against a rendezvous like this. He almost laughed aloud, as he grasped the full absurdity of his fears. He owed these two a big debt of gratitude for having cured him, once for all, of his chronic jealousy. With sudden energy he gathered his long, thin limbs together and rose to his feet. As he backed himself out into the dingy hall, with a final apology, he felt an honest amusement at the visible relief of this man and woman, the irregularity of whose lives had so nearly touched him.

It was past their dinner hour when Mellish at last reached home. Nora, radiant in her new lizard green, opened the door in person, greeting him effusively, too absorbed in herself to notice the disorder of his appearance. Windon was here, she told him, and would stay to dinner. Windon? Well, what of it? In the joyous confidence of his new cure, Mellish felt that he could afford to be cordial even to Windon Hinckley. Besides, he thought, as he made a hasty toilet, it was at most only for an hour; Nora would have to excuse herself as soon as coffee was served, if she was going to the theatre with him to-night.

The dainty dinner scored the success that Nora's dinners always scored when they were not dining alone. Nora herself was, as usual, nervously voluble. "How did Mrs. Faversham's luncheon go off? Why, there had not been any luncheon. She hoped he had not been foolish enough to try to meet her. Mrs. Faversham had telephoned that it was postponed; her cousin had not come from Buffalo, after all." Then,

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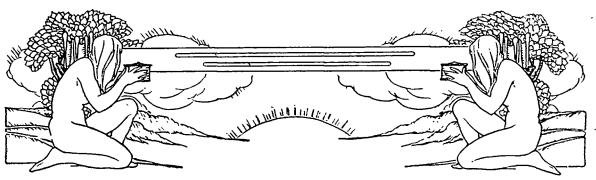
turning suddenly to Hinckley, "Tell me, Windon, about that mysterious cousin of yours, Cousin Nelly, isn't it? Your sister says that you were desperately in love with her once. What is she like? Is she half as nice as I am?"

As he looked across the dinner table at Nora, dimpling under Hinckley's flattery, suddenly Mellish's elation fell. They had shut him out, those two young congenial spirits; they had forgotten he was there. The old familiar spasm gripped his heart. He realized that he was not cured after all; the wonder was he had not realized it sooner. His bizarre blunder in following the wrong couple all through a summer afternoon was no proof of Nora's innocence. To-night, like every other night, he was powerless to read the truth of a single word that fell from those red, mutinous lips, a single glance shot from those wide gray eyes, a single thought behind that serene white brow, with its wonderful crown of shimmering copper. Once more he bowed his shoulders under the incubus of his unreasoning jealousy. Long after dinner was over he continued to sit in the dining room; his coffee growing cold before him; his cigar slowly turning to ashes where it smouldered in his saucer. The clock on the mantleshelf struck nine, when at last he roused himself and drew from his pocket the theatre tickets that Nora had forgotten to ask about—the splendid aisle seats that he had equally forgotten to show to her. At intervals Hinckley's boyish, penetrating laugh echoed down the length of the hall. Thoughtfully Mellish tore the tickets across the middle, dropped them in his saucer with the ashes, lit a fresh cigar, and pausing at the parlor door long enough to frame his usual flimsy excuse, put on his hat and passed out into the summer night.



The City in Summer

The faint chromatic of the trolley car
  Blends with a vendors melancholy cry;
The river traffic echoes it afar,
  A newsboy whistles as he passes by.

Poor substitutes, I hear the rustic say,
  For piping song-birds of the full-blown year;
But rhythmatic hoof-beats on the asphalt way,
  Make better music to an urban ear.

—*Montague Glass.*

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The Mother

NATURE was the great first-Mother of the race—the Mother who wound the clock of eons, drew down the purple shades of sunset, tucked the sleepy stars in cloud-down trundle-beds; the patient Mother who watched through the night at the bedside of an infant universe; the diligent Mother who arose with the lark, swept the lawns with light, dusted them with dew; the beauteous Mother who fastened flowers to every leafy branch, to bloom forever; the joyous Mother whose morning song so filled the woodland heart that, even now, it overflows; the loving Mother who spread a feast of every needful fruit; then, from a mote of star-dust, called the first, fair, human child and made his soul immortal by a kiss.

—*Burritt Hamilton.*

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A Study of Ten Recent New York Paintings

ONE of the most unique exhibitions seen in New York this season, and one which will undoubtedly attract considerable attention in the various other cities where the display is to be held, is that recently given under the auspices of the Exhibition of American Arts Company in the Harmonie Building on West Forty-second Street. The work there shown consisted of ten new paintings of the figure of Christ by the following representative American artists: Kenyon Cox, John La Farge, Chas. C. Curran, Frank V. Du Mond, George Hitchcock, Frederick S. Lamb, Joseph Lauber, Will H. Low, Gari Melchers, William H. Crane, and Carl Marr. Mr. Marr's painting was not on exhibition as it had not arrived from Europe in time to be hung. The interest of this collection is in the fact that these conceptions of Christ are all new work, the result of a direct commission to each artist to paint the figure of the Messiah as it most appealed to him individually —indeed, the artists were allowed the most generous scope in their work, and were not qualified by limitations in any way. It would have been an easy enough affair to gather up a collection of representative American paintings on this subject, but such was not the aim of the men promoting the exhibition. These men, it may be said in passing, are Cleveland, Ohio, capitalists who formed an organization called the "Exhibition of American Arts Company," for the express purpose of displaying various art collections from time to time over the country The present religio-artistic collection was doubtless produced here in imitation of a recent move of the same sort in Germany, where a number of German artists were commissioned to paint their conceptions of the Man of Sorrows for exhibition purposes. From New York the American exhibit went to Boston on the first of June, and will be taken, in turn, to the various large cities in the United States, the whole tour occupying something like two years time.

When the paintings were first placed on exhibition in New York City they aroused considerable comment; so much so that it has been thought advisable to interview the artists themselves, so far as possible, and have them tell briefly their conceptions of the Saviour and their treatment of the subject in their paintings.

John La Farge, who stands to-day the dean of American artists, and whose three score and ten years have brought him honors from all over the world, has long been an enthusiastic painter of religious and ecclesiastical themes. In sculpture, fresco work, and stained glass he has attained some novel effects. At present he is president of the Society of American Artists, having his studio at Number 51 West 10th Street in New York City. He states that he found the inspiration for his picture in the Twenty-third Psalm, particularly the fourth verse: "Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death I shall fear no evil; for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

Kenyon Cox, whose New York studio is located at 145 West 55th Street, and who since 1882 has been prominently associated with art work in America, exhibits a painting along the conventional mural lines which have made this painter so famous. It is entitled "Come unto me," and depicts the Saviour with hands outstretched and with compassionate eyes. "I have painted," says Mr. Cox, "a general, rather than a specific or personal conception of Christ. It is the Saviour in the plenitude of His earthly ministration, crying to a weary world: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will

give ye rest." In most of the paintings the hair is conceived as being either red or reddish blonde, in accordance with the tradition that the members of the tribe of Judea, of which Jesus was one, were remarkable for their fair hair. Mr. Cox in his conception has made the hair much darker than his confrères have done.

Will H. Low, a well-known New Yorker and one of the most active and productive of American artists, has chosen for his subject the lines where Christ protects the adulteress, saying: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone." As is usual with Mr. Low's work the coloring is beautiful, delicate and harmonious. This artist has in the last decade made especial progress in his mural decorative work and in illustrative designs. He speaks of his work as follows: "In essaying to portray the figure of Christ one is struck at the outset by the complete omission throughout the New Testament narrative of any reference to His physical appearance. Hence it is but logical to presume that, coming as a Man to men, His face and figure were devoid of aught that was physically supernatural. On the other hand there has been evolved an accepted type—the splendid and majestic, the ethereally spiritualized, or the careworn and sorrow-laden type. But a more simple interpretation has appealed to me. My endeavor has been to depict his appeal to our charity of thought and judgment—'he that is without sin among you'—as being perhaps more than any other of his utterances applicable to our everyday life. Of the type of Christ, I can only say that I have sought to express a Man compassionate and just, gentle yet strong."

Frank V. Du Mond, one of our foremost illustrators, whose work frequently appears in the books and magazines of this country, has painted a graphic and attractive picture upon the same subject as that undertaken by Mr. Low—"He that is without sin among you." Mr. Du Mond has seldom before engaged himself in ecclesiastical painting, and both his technique and his temperament betoken a man of vivid and striking ideas. "Although as a painter," remarked Mr. Du Mond, "I believe a picture should be a complete expression in itself, requiring no explanation, I have been persuaded to make some comment on my work. The motive of the picture—'he that is without sin among you'—is a compassionate appeal to the noblest in man for humanity. Mastering the violence of the multitude, Christ stands erect on the threshold of the temple and under its very keystone, Himself the Keystone of the Real Temple. He is neither of those within, nor of those without. At his feet the terror-stricken sinner cringes for protection. Dimly seen within the temple are two figures—on the left, Righteous Indignation would fall upon the unfortunate, while to the right stands Indifferent Selfishness, deeply occupied with the Salvation of Self."

Charles Courtney Curran is another of our older artists. He began his art studies in Ohio, then came to New York, and finally went to Paris. Since his return from abroad he has received many honors and prizes and has been constantly represented in exhibitions and collections throughout the world. His studio in New York City is located at Number 16 West 61st Street. "The title of my picture is 'Come Unto Me,'" said Mr. Curran. "In this painting I have attempted to represent an ideal of the universal Christ. The chief characteristics which I have endeavored to indicate are a loving compassion and manly strength, moral, mental, and physical. The lean, muscular figure, the hair parted on the side, the upright pose, and the expression of the face should help to indicate the manliness of his character. He is crowned with no halo, arrayed in no rich robes. During his earthly life he depended upon no extraneous means to convey his message, but lived a most simple life. He stands in a subdued light, which descends upon Him from above, symbolical of the watchfulness of the Heavenly Father who said, 'Behold this is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased! Hear ye Him!' The scars in the palms of His hands indicate that His earthly mission has been completed and that He stands in His final attitude toward man, with the hands extended in compassionate invitation. The dark, purplish-blue background symbolizes the troublous earthly life against which Christ's figure contrasts with warmer tones, while above are the soft green rays symbolizing comfort."

Frederick S. Lamb, whose New York studio is at Number 23 Sixth Avenue, is better known to the art-loving public for his stained glass work and church designs than for his oil paintings, of which, however, he has made a great number. The "Old and New Jerusalem," which Mr. Lamb offers

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Christ as painted by Kenyon Cox

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The Divine Shepherd according to Joseph Lauber

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Will H. Low's conception of the Lord

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Christ as conceived by Frederick S. Lamb

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The exceptionally conventional treatment of Christ by John La Farge

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The distinctly Jewish Christ, painted by Charles C. Curran

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Christ according to George Hitchcock

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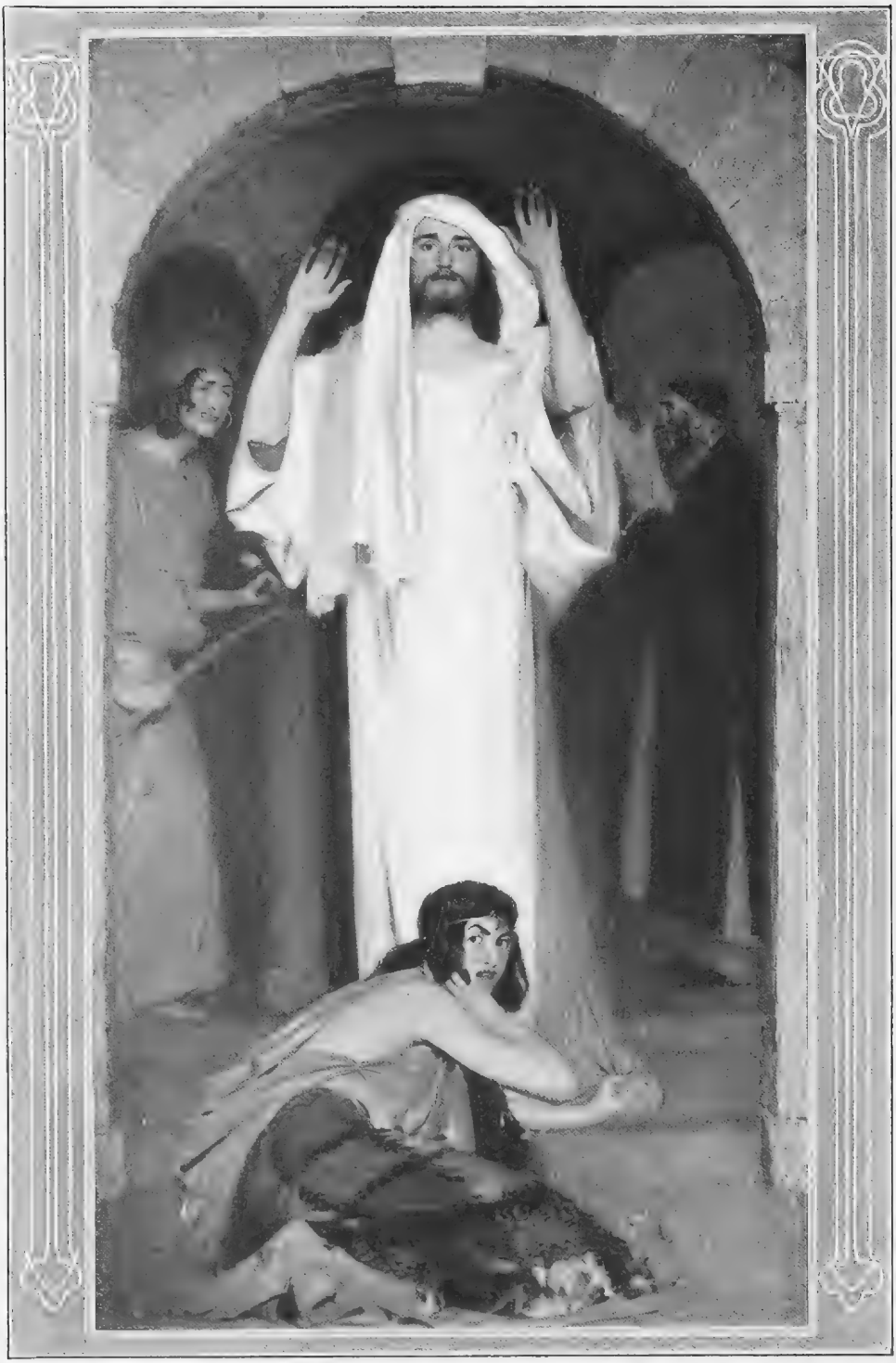

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The Master according to Frank Vincent Du Mond

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in the present collection, is a striking conception. Mr. Lamb is well known in New York City as a lecturer and writer on civic art and municipal aesthetics, and his work as an active member of the Citizens' Union has made him popular. He was one of the four glass workers invited to represent the United States at the Paris Exposition and was decorated with a medal from the French government on this occasion. Speaking of "The Old and the New Jerusalem," Mr. Lamb said: "I have represented the Christ on the mountain with the Old Jerusalem at His feet. The time is late afternoon, and He is supposed to have gone to the mountain for prayer. While intent upon saving the Old Jerusalem there comes to Him a vision of the New. This is depicted in the picture behind the head and forms in the sky a cross, suggesting the sacrifice He must make in order to achieve redemption for the world. The idea is one that has appealed to me in that it touches this theme from a communal point of view. We have had in the past endless variations of 'saving the sinner,' the individual personified, but in this picture I have endeavored to suggest the larger idea which, to my mind, is more in keeping with modern thought—of the saving of the city, or in other words, the community."

Joseph Lauber's painting, "In Him was Life and the Life was the Light of Men," proved to be the most popular of the entire exhibit. This picture represents the figure of Christ on a hilltop, illuminated by the rays of the late afternoon sun. It is clothed in a creamy white garment and dull red mantle, a light cloth covering the head, through which the sunlight illumines the features. The landscape background is in autumnal tints with large rolling clouds, and a patch of clear sky overhead. The head is the artist's conception of Christ, only the long hair and beard being in accordance with accepted tradition.

Born in Westphalia, Germany, of German parents, Mr. Lauber came to this country as a child, nine years of age. All his preliminary art education was gained here, notably in New York City, and for a considerable part under the tutelage of John La Farge, whose assistant he was for some years. Mr. Lauber has done a great deal of mural decoration in New York City and has received many honors in various exhibitions. He was one of the artists who superintended the construction of the famous Dewey triumphal arch. His studio in this city is at 51 West 10th Street. In speaking of his work, Mr. Lauber said: "I have not chosen to represent Christ according to tradition. What impressed me most is the spiritual power and quietness of Christ, the giving of Self, and the love, mercy and charity he brought into this life, especially for the oppressed and those whom the world scorns. 'In Him was life, and the life was the light of men.'"

George Hitchcock, a native American artist of prominence, now residing at Egmond Hoef, Holland, has chosen the subject "Christ the Preacher." His painting represents the Lord as a middle-aged man coming toward the observer through a blossoming garden. The garden forms the background of the picture, and is sketched in beautiful outdoor tones. The Christ is in white robes, His hands outstretched in pleading, and His long hair is conventionally blonde-red. Mr. Hitchcock's other work has been exhibited frequently in this country, but fully as much of it has been shown abroad in England and Holland, and he holds many medals from these two countries.

William H. Crane is an Ohio artist younger than most of his confrères, and hitherto but little known to the public. His theme is "Thy Will be Done," and his treatment of the lone figure of Christ in prayer on the mountain top is both weird and mystic. The Saviour's head with its nimbus of pale greenish light is the one luminous spot on the big canvas, the background and lower portion of the figure being done in duller and darker tones. The prevalent idea of Mr. Crane's picture (of which it was impossible to get a photograph) is the loneliness, the spirituality, the suffering, and the sanctity of Christ.

Gari Melchers, born in Detroit and now living in Paris, has contributed a very interesting bust picture entitled "The Man of Sorrows." The technique of the painting is excellent, and the study itself, being that of a typical modern dweller in Jerusalem, conveys a decided interest to the observer. Mr. Melchers has had ample opportunity on his frequent journeys through Palestine and the Orient to sketch such heads and his present treatment of a familiar type is bold, sure and vigorous. It carries with it very little idea of spirituality or suffering, and is simply a sketch of a Holy Land head. Mr. Melchers is widely known in the United States and in Europe, and is the possessor of a long list of honors, among them the Legion d'Honneur of France.

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The Elliott's Psychic Experience

By Maravene Kennedy

"DON'T you be askin' any questions to-night, Amely. Do y' hear? 'Taint a meetin' for young folks. You was asked only so's I could have company goin' and comin'."

Mrs. Elliot drew her heavy brocade shawl tightly about her angular shoulders as she addressed "Amely." There was a half-fearful expression in her colorless eyes; an uncertain settling of her thin lips on this particular occasion. Her bony hands trembled as she drew on her mittens.

"If Pa comes, I'll ask him one question," said Amelia, in slow, defiant voice. "I'll ask him if he's resting content while his only child is denied an education befitting an Elliot. I don't believe he is content," she continued in louder, higher key.

Mrs. Elliot met her daughter's challenging words with a stern, "Get on your mittens. We don't want to keep 'em waitin'."

Both glanced regretfully around the cheerful sitting room before they started out. The big base burner stove threw out an inviting warmth, its bed of coals glowing cheerfully red through the mica doors; the high cushioned rockers on either side the centre table extended appealing arms; the big cherry bedstead, with its high feather bed under a red and white coverlet, bespoke snug comfort. An icy blast met them as they opened the front door. Mrs. Elliot closed it quickly and stepped back into the room; she turned on the lower draft of the stove a little further, then raised the cover of the coal hopper and peered in.

"It's full," vouchsafed Amelia. "I put in two scuttles. I filled the coalhod too."

"It needs to be full," returned her mother grimly. "This kind of weather licks the coal up like kindlin' wood. It's the coldest night we've had."

The crunch of the frozen snow under their feet was the only sound as they slowly plodded along in the middle of the road—the only broken path—to the other end of the town. There was repressed excitement on both their faces. They were going to a spiritualistic meeting—going secretly; fearful, not only of what the minister and some of the church folks might say, but fearful of what "messages" the "spirits" might have for them.

It was not a public meeting. The "medium" was a cousin of Mrs. Elliot's deceased brother's wife. She had a place in Boston where she gave "sittings;" her visit to Cresston was only for rest. The invited guests, a few friends and relatives of the hostess, were already in their places when the Elliots arrived. The medium sat at one end of the dining-room table, with three women on either side. On tip-toe and with bated breath Mrs. Elliot and Amelia found the places reserved for them at the end opposite the medium.

The medium was a big, sallow woman with puffy eye-lids over bold black eyes. Her features were coarse, a good sized mustache on a square-cut lip giving added heaviness to her face. But it was an impressive heaviness, in striking contrast to the ascetic faces of the women surrounding her—plain New England women, born and bred in the little town, indulging at the present moment in the wildest dissipation of their lives.

Each woman laid her hand on her neighbor's as commanded, and waited breathlessly while the medium rolled out in low, deep voice:

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"In the name of the Lord if there are any spirits present, rap!"

"*Tap-tap. Tap-tap.*"

It was not the medium's usual method of "spirit" entertainment. The slate-writings, materializations, trances, that she gave in her Boston place, could not very well be given in her hostess' sitting room with only an ordinary dining-room table for paraphernalia. But it was strange and awesome enough for her present sitters. The "Tap-tap, Tap-tap" sent a shiver down eight rigid spinal columns.

"Who's present?" asked the medium, following up the question by a recitation of the alphabet—repeating it until the "spirit had rapped out," letter by letter, an intelligible name.

The "sitters" waited in a tense silence; they hardly breathed; their hearts beat like sledge hammers. Which of their dead was lingering under the table? Whose spirit had returned to deliver a message from the spirit world? And what—*what* would the message be?

"E-l-l-i-o-t."

"It's Mr. Elliot," announced the medium, in matter-of-fact voice. "Ask him questions, Mrs. Elliot, that can be answered by *yes* or *no*. One rap means no, two mean yes."

Mrs. Elliot leaned stiffly forward. She tried to frame a question. But how to address a spirit? She opened her lips, licked them, closed them with a dry gasp, opened them again.

"Speak to—to him, Amely," she quavered.

"Howdy-do, Pa," said Amelia, her voice only a little less quavery than her mother's. "Have you something important that you want to say to Ma and me?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Elliot clutched her daughter's hand. "Ask him if he's happy in Heaven," she commanded. "Don't worry him now over earthly things."

"Are you happy in Heaven, Pa? Are you resting easy knowin' that I'm not goin' to college?"

"No."

"Amely!" Mrs. Elliot's voice was shrill.

"Did you come back to tell your wishes again to Ma? Do you want her to promise you again that I'm to have an education befittin' an Elliot?—those were your dyin' words, weren't they, Pa?"

"Yes—yes—yes."

"*Amely!*"

"Will your soul rest in peace if Ma doesn't send me to college?"

"No."

"Will it if she does, Pa?"

"Yes—yes."

"That ain't your Pa's spirit," cried Mrs. Elliot, in tones trembling with both fear and anger. "He knows I never promised—"

The medium threw up her hands. "You've driven him away," she cried sharply. "You mustn't contradict them."

The woman turned her eyes in helpless interrogation on the speaker.

"I felt him leave," she answered calmly. "But there's another spirit present. It's for some one at this end of the table."

The spelling began again. The spirit rapped out a few more answers; then he, too, departed. Another came, five spirits in all appearing—one for each family represented.

It was eleven o'clock when the séance broke up. In subdued voices the women bade one another goodnight, their faces pallid, yet with a furtive questioning in their eyes. Their Puritan blood could not fully accept this irreligious performance as emanating from their sanctified dead; their sound Yankee reason demanded proofs that what they had heard was in truth the voices of their departed relatives. They left the meeting not fully believing—yet not fully doubting; awed into silence by the strange *something* that had been in their presence—the unseen something that had made raps like no human raps that they had ever heard.

Mrs. Elliot and Amelia separated from the others at the gate, and turned in the opposite direction. Silently, side by side they tramped the long mile to their home. It was bitterly cold. The thermometer had fallen ten degrees since the early evening when they left the house. Their breath froze in flakes on their doubled baize veils, their ears tingled under their knitted hoods, their feet grew so numb that they could scarcely move them; even their hands, encased in heavy mittens and wrapped tightly in their thick shawls, felt the deadly chill.

"Ugh!" ejaculated Mrs. Elliot, with a spasmodic shiver, as they opened their door.

"I'm most froze stiff. Turn on the drafts quick, Amely. Ugh!"

The hot bed of coals leaped quickly to a cheering blaze, the coal snapping and crackling in a wholesome way that brought back the natural color to Mrs. Elliot's face and drove the fear from her eyes. She leaned

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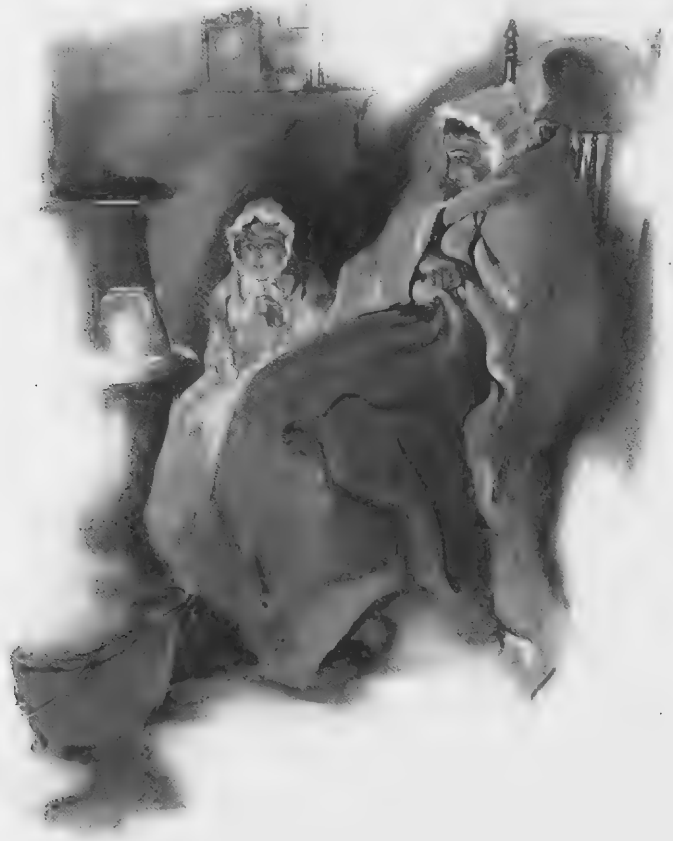
against the straight back of the high rocker and planted her feet on the nickel fender of the stove.

"Your Pa would never have spoke through any such woman as that. 'Twas blasphemy her callin' on the Lord in that way. I'm ashamed of myself for countenancin' such a sacrilegious performance. Your Pa allus said that such things was of the Evil One—that if folks was in Heaven they didn't want to come back; if they was in the other place 'twa'n't likely they could get back."

dyin' bed. And he came back to help. He didn't care whom he came through nor how. It was Pa—and you know it was Pa."

"Your Pa sold that farm against his own reason; he cried the day he put the money in the bank. An' I didn't promise to send you to college, a place where women learn to act like men, settin' themselves up against their betters—not wantin' to keep house nor raise their own children. I told him that I'd see that you had an education befittin' an Elliot. An' you've got that without goin' to college;



They sat for two hours before the fire.

"A spirit ain't bound by laws," said Amelia sententiously. "You promised Pa that I should go to college. His heart was set on my having a college education. He sold the East End farm on purpose to pay the expenses. He and I had all the courses picked out—I was going to study geology on purpose to please him. I've been tryin' for two years to get you to do what he wanted, to keep the promise you made him on his

a high school education is good enough for any girl, Elliot or not Elliot. I let you take china paintin', an' I'm goin' to have Rachel Carr give you embroidery lessons. An' that is all I am goin' to do."

She rose on the last word, standing erect, her tall, angular figure rigid with determination. Amelia met her steely glance with a gaze of impotent though wrathful despair.

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"It was Pa," she uttered defiantly. "And you know he meant college when he said an education befittin' an Elliot. You know—"

"Put the soap stones in the bed," commanded her mother. "They ought to been in while we was gone. The heat don't seem to get away from the stove to-night."

She herself shook down some fresh coal, completely covering the glowing fire, and turned off the drafts—the usual nightly proceeding.

Amelia watched her mother kneel beside the bed and say her prayers. She looked with embittered eyes on the gaunt white-robed figure. She climbed in after her without herself kneeling.

"Amely, get right out an' say your prayers."

"I won't say my prayers again, ever," responded Amelia with passionate bitterness. "I've prayed every night and morning for two years that your heart be moved to send me to college. I prayed without ceasin'. I believed that He would answer them. Now I know that there's nothing in prayer, or promises from anybody."

Mrs. Elliot groaned righteously. "This comes from my takin' you to that blasphemous performance." She clambered stiffly out onto the cold floor again and prayed loudly for forgiveness for her own culpability and Amelia's guilt. Her teeth chattered over the amen, her knees knocking together with the bitter cold even after she she was again in bed.

The bed was like ice; it drew the heat from their bodies and gave back no warmth in return. Each kept closely to her own side, too resentful to snuggle up to the other. An hour passed without either's falling asleep. The hot soap stones had mitigated the icy chill of the bed, but still Mrs. Elliot moved restlessly, Amelia stared out at a streak of moonlight that came through a crack of the shade, falling like a long wraith across the blackness of the room. Their minds were still possessed by the uncanny experience of the evening. Both were thinking of it.

And suddenly, sharply, like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky, freezing the blood in their veins, It came again, came with a tremendous rap at the head of the bed.

"Crack! Cra—ck!"

An awful silence followed, a terrifying, blood-curdling silence.

"Amely!" So hoarse and changed with fear was Mrs. Elliot's voice that Amelia believed that It had spoken her name.

"What—what—is it, Pa?" she questioned in a gasping whisper.

"It—it—was—was me, Amely."

"Crack! Cra—ck!"

At the head of the bed, the side, the head again, "Crack! Cra—ck!" relentlessly fell the raps, fell till the very marrow froze within the two trembling women.

Amelia moved closer to her mother.

"It's Pa," she whispered. She raised her voice, "Is - is it you, Pa?"

"Crack! Cra—ck!" came the answer against the head board, each rap falling like the crack of a thousand whips.

"Ma!"

"Amely!"

Gasping in terror, their hearts almost bursting from their trembling bodies, they huddled together for what seemed to be hours, while the raps fell thick and fast, hurling themselves with fierce impact against the bed.

Mortal flesh has its limit of endurance. In the first lull Mrs. Elliot sat bolt upright. put her shaky hands over her night-capped ears.

"I promise," she said hoarsely. "Amely shall go to college—next Fall—this very comin' September. I promise, Hiram."

But It was not appeased. Again—again—again came the terrific raps.

"Perhaps—perhaps—it may be—God, Ma. You—you broke your promise to Pa once."

Mrs. Elliot's almost palsied tongue gave solemn utterance:

"I promise You, God. Amely shall go to college—next fall—an' stay four years."

They waited, scarce breathing.

Silence followed.

Shaking as if with ague Mrs. Elliot climbed out of bed and turned the drafts on the stove. Then she lit the lamp, wrapped herself in a comforter and seated herself in the high rocker. Amelia crept out after her. Soon the stove was red hot, its heat and cheerful glow thawing out the congealed blood in their veins.

They sat for two hours before the fire, talking in hushed voice. Amelia's four years of college life were mapped out; her wardrobe, her studies, her manner of living discussed. Mrs. Elliot led the conversation, keeping carefully away from any reference as to what had caused her change of front. Amelia knew that her mother would never acknowledge, even to her, that

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she had been forced to accede to her wishes.

The drafts of the stove were kept open when they again climbed into bed. Amelia knelt reverently this time, praying with all the fervor of one whose long-deferred and seemingly hopeless wish has been miraculously fulfilled.

They slept later than usual. There was a subdued look in Mrs. Elliot's eyes as she got breakfast. It was a night not to be lightly forgotten,—no tragedy of their lives, either before or after, ever equalled that particular night of horror.

After their house work was done up for the morning, they went across the street to Mrs. Elliot's father's. The old folks listened in astonishment to Mrs. Elliot's announcement that Amelia was to go to college the following September.

The old lady stared at her daughter and her grand-daughter, scarce believing.

"Well, I do declare! Amely really goin' to college! An' you said only yesterday, Marthy, that you never would let her. It seems mighty foolish to me. An' you allus said you didn't promise Hiram."

"So! So!" ejaculated the old man. "Little Amely's gettin' her way after all. What's come over you, Marthy?"

Mrs. Elliot reddened uncomfortably.

"Our pump's froze solid," she said hastily. "It's the first it's done that since we had it put in the kitchen."

"'Taint surprisin'. My! but wa'n't it cold last night. 'Twas the first time in fifty year I heard the house crack. Jest as soon as the fire died down the cracks begun, and kept up till the house cooled off. It's a powerful cold spell when the boards bang like shots pourin' out a cannon."

Amelia's eyes, wide-open, startled, despairing, met her mother's. The girl's heart stood still. Mrs. Elliot's look of relief, elation, triumph, told her the truth before the words came.

"Don't say anything 'bout Amely's goin' to college. Somethin' might happen, an' 'taint allus pleasant explaining afterwards."

When they reached the house Amelia turned upon her.

"You promised," she cried sternly. "You promised."

"It wasn't your Pa," replied Mrs. Elliot calmly, but her eyes did not meet Amelia's.

"But it *was* God," said the girl solemnly. "*and you promised God.*"

Mrs. Elliot went into the next room. Amelia fell stiffly to a chair and dropped her head to her hands. Mrs. Elliot's step sounded beside her again.

"No matter what it was or wasn't, I guess I promised that you could go to college, Amely. I don't approve of it, an' I never did an' never will, but I ain't never broke a promise yet when I *did* promise, an' I won't begin now."

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FROM THE SLUMS TO CULTURE'S HEIGHTS

By James L. Ford

Illustrated by L. Adams Searl

THE times in which we live are sadly out of joint. Not only are the rich becoming richer and the poor poorer, but the stable middle class, once the very bone and sinew of the metropolis and the counterpart of that which in other cities remains for generations undisturbed by ambition or decay, has of late years been split up the back by twin follies of modern origin. One of these follies assumes the shape of a strange yearning after the higher forms of intellectual life; the other expends its force in those mad expeditions in the direction of dark crime and suffering which it calls "slumming parties."

Time was when this mediocre class—respectable if not brilliant, and forming the greater part of New York's social structure—was content with its own station and showed no inclination to stray away in either direction. They are no better fitted to comprehend and sympathize with vice and misfortune than they are to enjoy the true intellectual life, and their expeditions have brought them nothing and taught them less; the fact being that the highest intellectual society in the town as well as that of the most depraved and criminal, has long since found it necessary to keep its doors rigidly closed against presumptuous interlopers from the stupid middle zone.

If in our investigations of the social extremities of the town we journey downward, it is only to find that such old plague spots as Mulberry Bend and the Five Points have long since been cleansed of their filth and shorn of those terror-inspiring qualities that once made them so attractive; that the really suffering poor will not starve in plain sight for the entertainment of uptown visitors; and that the Chinese opium joints, in which crooks from Broadway exchange loose-tongued confidences with craftier scoundrels from the far East, have become inaccessible to all outsiders—unless we are credulous enough to accept the testimony of those literary marvels who write so learnedly of the "congested district." As for the best criminal society of New York and its vicinage, it has never yet been depicted in American fiction, nor is it likely to be so long as it remains as it is now, and as it always has been, far more exclusive than the Assembly balls.

To induce a thief of any professional standing to talk about his romantic calling.

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And if we attempt to travel upward in the social scale, we find that in the best intellectual as well as criminal circles it has long since been found necessary to close the doors on the swarm of impertinent pushers who were forever trying to intrude. It is now as difficult to persuade an artist or writer of genuine distinction to exhibit himself to a mob of middle class vulgarians, as it is to induce a thief of any professional standing whatever to talk about his romantic calling, or a decently sorrowing Irish family to admit sightseers to a wake. In fact, the social lines nowadays are so sharply drawn that the philistine finds it just as hard to gain access to society of genuine artistic distinction, as to become the trusted and welcome frequenter of a carefully conducted club of opium smokers.

New York, however, is a market which stands ready to supply everything that is called for, and so it happened—as set down in the chronicles of two decades or more ago—that, no sooner did the slumming parties appear on the Bowery, and the culture seekers begin to grope at the gates of learning, than a multitude of guides straightway sprang up and professed themselves willing, for a consideration, to furnish the intruders with what they were looking for—no matter whether it were uptown or down. These guides are still doing business.

Those who patrol the grimier end of the town call themselves "detectives," and offer to furnish almost any form of vice, filth or moral degradation that their clients call for. All they want is a few hours notice in advance, and nothing annoys them more than the unlooked-for appearance of a band of tourists filled with a sudden and morbid desire to "see the sights." On such occasions they shake their heads dubiously, and recite the following verses:

"There's not much doing to-night. Most of the places got the word to lay low for a night or two, and they're all shut up tight as a drum. You can take my word for it, there's not an opium pipe going in the whole precinct, but this'll blow over in a few days and if you'll let me know some time next week when you're coming, I'll be pleased to take you and your friends around and show you every thing that's doing."

But let one of these "detectives" know in advance of your coming and then, if you will make it an object, he will certainly unfold a panorama of crime and vice that will be well worth the time and money it will cost you. A squalid tenement house room that was vacant early in the day, and still bears a "To Let" sign on one of its grimy window panes, will change as by magic into an opium den, equipped with all the paraphernalia in the shape of pipes, peanut oil lamps and clam-shells filled with black paste that indulgence in the drug demands. By an impressively mysterious code of knocks, the detective will gain admittance for his party of sightseers to this room where for a further fee they will be permitted to smoke a "pill," prepared expressly for them by the deft and dirty fingers of a Chinaman, hideous and repulsive enough to satisfy the most capricious taste.

A multitude of guides who call themselves "detectives."

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By an impressively mysterious code of knocks the "detective" will gain admittance for his party of sight-seers.

On special occasions when the visitors seem to possess those mingled qualities of liberality and credulity which make men sought after in all walks of life, the frequenters of the joint will babble in their dreams of singing birds, grassy meadows and running brooks, and artfully introduce into these word pictures of bucolic life pathetic allusions to small sums of money of which they stand in pressing need.

Other objects of interest exhibited to slumming parties are corner groggeries—where the visitors are formally introduced to resident "bums" under the pretence that the last named are "great characters," and are afterwards permitted to treat everyone in sight; stale beer dives which are loathesome without being interesting; and cheap concert saloons, where weary and haggard women, rouged and short-skirted, lift their cracked voices in heartbreaking comic songs.

As the expedition moves, a few local characters attach themselves to it for the sake of the good cheer that is dispensed at every stopping place, and these are certain to suggest various saloons in the neighborhood which the slummers should not fail to see. Among these human crustaceæ is a red-nosed barnacle who is introduced as "the man who trained Jeffries." He is the counterpart of the man of twenty years ago who trained Sullivan and whose prototype of the sixties undoubtedly trained John C. Heenan. He is justly entitled to a medal at the hands of the Liquor Dealers' Association for the good he has done to their trade.

The guides who stand ready to lead visitors from the middle zone, up the snowy heights and into the rarefied atmosphere of the intellectual life wear many disguises. Some call themselves teachers and boldly advertise for pupils; others form the sightseers into groups or "classes" as they are termed and labelled "Browning," "Ibsen," "Topics of the Day," "Mediæval Art," "Russian Literature," or the "Renaissance" of something or other, as the case may be. Of course these guides, who are frequently of the gentler, and, if I may be permitted to say it, the craftier sex, can no more drag their classes up the shining way than the so-called detectives can show their clients anything really worth seeing in the slums, but the imitation that they give is generally quite as satisfying to those who pay for it.

That the business of guiding has many followers and is recognized as a legitimate calling is shown by the fact that some one has actually published a book on that branch of it which conjures by the name of Browning. This book, which has enjoyed a very wide sale, shows how to get up a Browning class, how to deal out the poet's verses in suitable doses, and how much profit such a class can be made to yield when conducted by a person of courage and determination. It tells also

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the best season for this industry and the proper hour of the day at which the intellectual nourishment should be served.

I take pleasure in commending this book to my readers as one that will enable the sort of person who is known in England as a "reduced gentlewoman" to escape the terrors of one of the Homes provided for her class and earn a fairly decent living by her own exertions. I should think that the rules given in this book could be applied with equal success to Ibsen or Tolstoi classes, or classes of anything else that is very little understood in this country and suggests culture.

The "Topics of the Day" class is the result of the discovery made a few years ago by some particularly keen-witted female philosopher, whose attention was drawn to the fact that a great many of the most gifted women in society appeared to know more about Omar Khayyam and the Advanced Drama than they did about matters of current interest. Working on this discovery, the philosopher straightway established a class to teach these women who was President, why Ireland was not free, what New York might expect and would certainly not get from a Reform Mayor, and other things which were likely to turn up in dinner-table conversation. This philosopher explained to her clients that the decrease in the number of marriages was due to the fact that women took very little interest in those affairs of the day that the men regarded of such vast importance, and it is related by social historians that the "Topics of the Day" class formed by her was a large and paying one.

The man who trained Jeffries.

But after all, these topics of current conversational interest are too easily understood to claim any vogue as a step in the intellectual progress, and the most prosperous guides are those who are to be met on the shining way conducting their Cook's tourist parties of Browningites or Ibsenites or Renaissance students, as the case may be, along the road which leads not up the difficult heights of knowledge, but down into the valley of pretense and meretricious culture.

I do not pretend to know how much it costs to take one of these trips but I know that I would not embark on one unless I received from the guide a coupon which guaranteed my safe return to at least the same plane of intelligence and knowledge from which I had started. I mention this because it has seemed to me that a great many of these excursionists who set sail so bravely toward the land of culture, simply forget some of the little that they did know, and acquire a quantity of false information that is worse than useless. Moreover, although the way up the slopes of Parnassus is a hard and difficult one, it is not nearly so hard as that dreary path through Browning and Tolstoi when trod by the tender feet of those who but yesterday were walking through the pleasant meadows of the "Elsie" books and that gateway to Colonial romance, "To Clutch and To Cling." Such of us as have been in the habit of reading books because we enjoyed them, have no idea of the sufferings of those who find themselves in middle life thrust into a corner with a great thick book on "The Higher Culture as a Means of Grace," which they must read if they hope for intellectual salvation. The spectacle of a tenderfoot riding a bucking broncho for the first time, makes the hardened cowboy laugh, but I am sure he would cry—for, after all, he is human—if he could see some of these tourists during the earliest stages of their upward journeyings.

I used to wonder where the people came from who make up these parties, but I have ceased to wonder since a friend placed in my

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hands the catalogues of some of our most fashionable schools, and I found that they were teaching Persian literature to girls of fourteen, and that, too, with scarcely any course in modern English and American literature. It is in schools like this that the young women are bred who harrass honest men at dinner parties by "showing off" their miserable accomplishments. It is an awful thing to have the pretty young creature, from whom you expected so much in the way of sweet and adoring sympathy, turn upon you before you have tasted your oysters with some sapient observation on the philosophy of Schlegel, or a comparison between Maeterlinck and Congreve.

Of course the man of experience knows that this young woman—who is always highly esteemed in society for her brilliancy and intellect—is merely repeating what has been told her the day before, and is nothing more than a sort of intellectual pianola attached to the guide of her particular tourist party, who is herself merely a human phonograph into which some culture has been shouted by a still higher authority.

One of these days, perhaps, these misguided people will learn that a course in Browning or Tolstoi, taken on an empty mind—and therefore impossible of digestion—can no more qualify them for admission to the companionship of really intellectual men and women than can a night of slumming give one an insight into the really interesting and extraordinary criminal life of the town.

Sometimes a very smart young man "disguises himself" as a tough or criminal, and goes skulking down the Bowery in a vain attempt to ingratiate himself with the criminals whom he proposes to "study." His counterpart is the middle aged woman who thinks she has reached the very heart of the intellectual life because she has been sprayed half a dozen times with a weak solution of culture. For some strange reason, the culture people never go slumming and the slummers never seek the intellectual heights. One trip away in either direction from the mediocre zone seems to be soul-satisfying.

After all, how happy they would all be if they would only content themselves in that station of life into which it has pleased God to call them.

Now all this of which I write has been going on for twenty years and more, but the march toward the intellectual zone has recently taken upon itself an entirely new phase and one which cannot fail to awaken speculation in the philosophic mind. Heretofore the two classes of guides have religiously respected one another's territory. The detectives have never attempted to lecture on Browning and Ibsen, nor have the apostles of culture presumed to lead their clients in the direction of the lower social zones. Therefore, they have worked amicably together, and not once has there been anything like friction between the two.

One who was known in England as a reduced gentleman.

Of late, however, migratory bodies of philistines have been seen wandering about Chinatown and the Bowery, escorted by college professors, brilliant young literary men of the sort that fashion smiles upon, parlor lecturers on culture in its many phases, and other persons who have hitherto confined their efforts in guiding to the higher literary slopes. It is true that the leaders of these expeditions have been at pains to explain that their philistine troops were merely classes in "sociology" and that they were really engaged in the culture quest and not gratifying that morbid taste for dirt, disease and crime which is the moving spirit in the breast of

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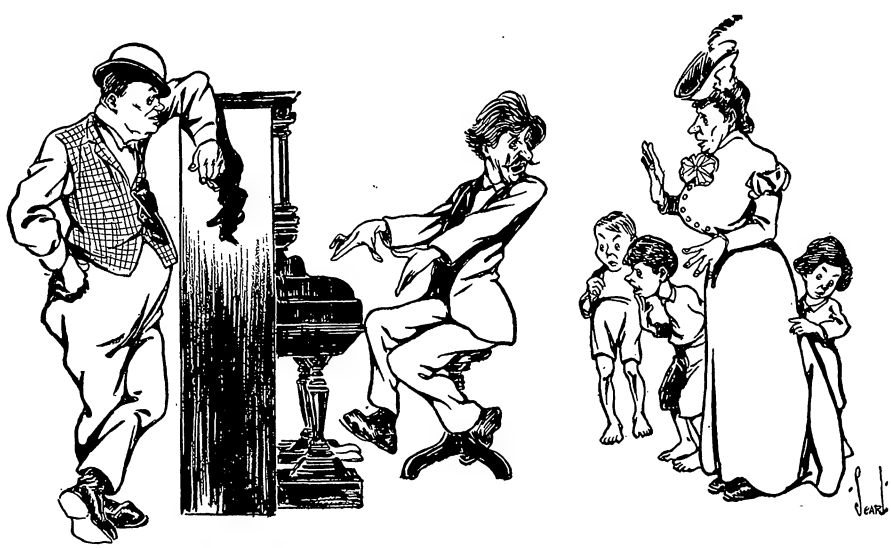
It is an awful thing to have the pretty young creature turn on you with some sapient observation.

every true "slummer;" but the detectives were, in the language of my friend, Mr. Hawkshaw Flaherty, "onto them" from the start. I have learned also from the lips of this same worthy pilot that as a measure of retaliation he and his confrères are about to enter culture's realm and institute competition of the fiercest sort.

"Any time dat you an' your friends want ter see de high-toned sights," said Mr. Flaherty to me in that tone of mingled friendliness and self-confidence that his clients find so convincing; "just pipe me off an' I'll put yer next ter more den dem long-haired guys ever seen in dere lives. Dere's an Ibsen joint dat's as safe as a church dat I can take you to any time I want. Den I've got a bloke on me staff dat once paid a visit to dat Roossian, Tolstoy, an' has been a king pin wit de uptown set ever since. Make up a quiet little party some night of de sort wot don't mind puttin' up a fiver for a little sport, an' dis Tolstoy guy'll give e'm a hot talk on all dat Roossian literatoor an' tings like dat till he makes yer hair curl. Are yer fond o'music?"

I replied that I was fond of really good music, and was about to explain what I meant when Mr. Flaherty interrupted me with: "Don't say no more, but meet me any night at my place and I'll take yer ter where dere's a bloke dat plays onter the pianner or parlor organ wit one hand or two, while he works his jaw at de same time tellin' yer how to listen to de music. Say, it's out of sight.

"I had me wife an' de kids dere las' week an' I couldn't get e'm home. Dey'd be dere yet if dey had dere way listenin' to dat feller. An' de man dat can trow a con into a Central Office man's family ought ter be Morgan's partner. But de really gilt-edged sport is some hot air dat a fellow trows in Chinee talk of de sort you hear along de East River docks when de Norwegian sailors comes ashore. I kin put you and yer friends next to dat guy in yer own parlors or in a little joint he runs himself. Oh, you needn't be afraid to go to his place for he's got protection straight from Mulberry Street and even de copper on de beat don't dare try to pass a friend in. Now, remember, any time you want any sport of any kind, uptown or down, we're de boys dat kin do it for you."



"A bloke dat plays onter de pianner wid one hand—I had me wife and me kids dere last week and couldn't get 'em home."

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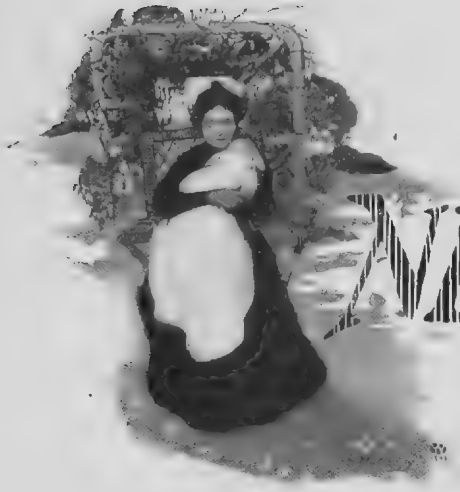

MY NEIGHBOR

By Annie Hamilton Donnell

Illustrated by Walter Whitehead

JULY 9:—I have never seen my neighbor, but some day I am going to yield to temptation and look at her. Don't tell Janet—it is Janet who has kept me from looking all this time.

I am sure the knot-hole is just about opposite my eye. Now, to stoop to peer through a knot-hole might hurt one's dignity, or to reach up on one's toes; but to sit quite still, as the Lord made you, properly and dignifiedly in your wheel-chair—why would that be a hazard to propriety?

I like Janet and Janet likes me, but we have to do it in our own ways. We are made like that. Janet's way embarrasses me; I can imagine how Janet feels about my way. She is the older—I don't know how old Janet is, but I should say just about the age she was when I had the habit of sleeping in a cradle and she rocked it. Janets begin life old, they do not grow old in startling ways like other people.

I do. There are twenty gray hairs in my head and I have stopped letting Janet comb my hair. It has hurt her feelings; she has not hummed to-day.

My neighbor does not hum, but sings jubilantly. She is singing now—she always sings.

July 11:—Janet is counting her handkerchiefs at her window. If my neighbor were not singing a lilting little love-song I should hear Janet. She counts like this; "one, two, *three*—four, five, *six*—seven, eight, *nine*," with emphasis on every third count. It tries me—Janet has so many handkerchiefs. Besides, I want to hear my Neighbor, undisturbed. Why is it nearly always a love-song? Then I suppose she is young and has a lover.

Janet had one once, but she does not know I know. She only had him a week. If I had been Janet, do you think I would have sewed his brass buttons on stronger and let him go to the war? If I had, it would have been with my heartstrings, and it would have killed me.

My neighbor's lover has "blue, blue eyes," —there was never his like "on land or sea and whether he comes or bides away, he leaves his heart with she—" the rhyme demands the nominative case. If I wrote it "with me," grammatically, I should feel as if I were laying claim to my Neighbor's lover.

I never had one of my own. Long ago I knew I never should have, and I settled back in my wheel-chair and knew I must make the most of other people's lovers. But Janet's was such a *short* one—it is no more than fair that I should have my Neighbor's too. I am glad about his eyes, for m ne was to have had blue, blue ones—mine would have loved me like that, "on land or sea." There is surely beginning a close tie between my Neighbor and me.

I am certain it is opposite my eye, and all I should need to do would be to lean forward a little and look. If that is peeping, then I shall peep. If it is undignified, shocking, red-blooded, then I shall be undignified, shocking, red-blooded. For the time is surely near when I shall have to look through the knot-hole at my neighbor.

It is such a nice, round one—just a fit for an eye! I know it fits mine. And I am lonely. I want to see my Neighbor at her singing. Of course, I know how she looks—sweet and slender and fair, to go with her voice. And her eyes are blue to match his. But the knot-hole is there and I shall look. I feel it coming on.

July 14:—The blue, blue-eyed lover is on his way "over the sea" to my neighbor. He seems to be coming fast to-day, and I must hurry or I shall not get there first! I want to see my Ne ghbor alone, at her singing, the first time.

Janet is not humming to-day, and it augurs ill. I have more courage always when I can hear Janet hum. I only took one cup of tea at breakfast, and I would not let her put on my shoulder-shawl—Janet takes too much care of me. And when, as to-day, I rebel mildly, she stops humming. I wish she would go on.

What is the matter with my wishes to-day?

I wish my Neighbor would not keep time. The tap-tapping reminds me of the crutches Janet put away long ago, and with them my last, lorn little hopes; since when I sit here heavily in my wheel-chair. No, I shall not look through the knot-hole to-day. The ambition has ebbed out of me. To-morrow, perhaps—perhaps next week.

Aug. 19:—It is pleasant to be out here in the yard again. I am glad I stood out against Janet and would come to-day. She has come with me and is watching to see that I do not unpin my shawl. A minute ago "Janet," I said, "hark!" For my Neighbor was at her singing. "I hear," Janet nodded, "*I* used to sing that tune." Then to her knitting again.

I have become quite an imaginative person since I took to walking on four wheels, but it is not easy to imagine Janet singing "Bring back my sweetheart to me." I have a rooted conviction that if any one were to bring him back to Janet, she would not know what to do with him.

To-day I am certain there is a plaintive note to my Neighbor's singing. I have noticed it ever since I came out. I have missed the jubilant swirl and swing. Why? Is she dreading to have him come? "Janet, do you notice any sadness—anything different?" "Yes," nods Janet, "she's downspirited," but it sounds to me like dread.

I never knew before that Janet listened to my Neighbor. So all this time she has been interested, too? I wonder if she has ever been tempted—no, that is wronging Janet. Janet is above knot-holes. Besides Janet is tall and would have to stoop — she would never stoop. I can conceive of nothing more without the limit of possibility than Janet at the knot-hole. Perhaps she feels the same way about me, but I cannot help it.

If she is looking she will see me there some time.

Janet is very jealous of my dignity. It is sure to suffer in her eyes. Well, I will do this much for Janet—I will not look through to-day. She has been so out-of-all-reason patient with me these past dreadful weeks, she shall have her reward.

But I wish I knew certainly that it was the right distance up from the ground. I wonder if I dare.

"Janet,"

"What say?"

"How high—about how high—should you say—should you say my eyes were above the ground? Just for a guess, Janet?"

She has stopped knitting. She is considering. I am shaking like a guilty child!

"About," says Janet, thoughtfully, "as high up as that knot-hole there."

Aug. 22:—The impossible has happened. It happened yesterday out here. If I had not *seen* it happen do you think I would believe it? Do you think I have not done my best to believe it was a dream? "You were napping," I have reasoned with myself. 'You confess you were napping, don't you?"

"Yes," myself concedes.

"Well, you saw it happen before you woke up."

But myself is firm.

"My eyes were open wide, I was awake."

"You think you were awake."

"I was awake."

"Do you mean to tell me you saw—her—looking—through?—in the act?"

"Oh, in the act!" groans myself.

"Then," I, too, groan, "it must be true."

I had been asleep. I opened my eyes. Janet was looking through the knot-hole.

She did not have to stoop. Distances are deceptive.

I shut my eyes again at once, so I do not know how long she stayed; but she was there. If the Angel who records things ever asks me I shall have to tell him that Janet was there. I don't know whether or not I shall have the courage to tell him how much I wanted to be.

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"Janet was looking through the knot-hole."

Janet, there!

I shall never ask her what she saw, but I wish I knew. There are so many questions about my Neighbor that I could ask, if I were not I, and Janet not Janet. And then *I* need never look through. As it is left now, the Temptation has put on a capital T. It is not that I shall look, but that I shall have to now.

If Janet knew I saw her! But she will never know.

When I openly woke up she was back at her knitting. But she was smiling—she was certainly smiling. And Janet never smiles.

Such an odd un-Janet little smile that I liked so much! It softened Janet's good, hard face in an indefinable, wondrous way. I have thought of it ever since. And it was what Janet saw through the knot-hole that made her smile. I am certain of that.

Then it is well with my Neighbor. She is young, and sweet, and happy, as I knew she was. Or Janet would not have smiled. So the odd little undernote of sadness we thought we detected in her singing was not really there. I am glad of that.

Yes, Janet knows something about my Neighbor that she likes, and I want to know it too. If it can make Janet smile in that odd little tender way—something makes me love Janet a little more than usual when she looks like that. I could almost forget that she is Janet, and I am I, and ask her what it was she saw.

Aug. 26.—I have not heard my Neighbor sing once to-day. She cannot be out there or she would sing. It worries me. But not Janet, for Janet is humming all day to-day. There is something underneath that hum—Janet is thinking of what she saw.

I have made one discovery about my Neighbor. It was wafted over the fence, or through the knot-hole to me on the fragrant whiff of a cigar. My Neighbor's lover has come, and he is her husband! I don't know why I know, but I do. He tramps up and down the paths over there with the tramp of a husband. But why does she not come out and tramp with him?

He is uneasy about something—keeps stopping and listening and then plunging on. It is queer how I can tell by his step that he listens; but I can. He is listening now, this minute—now he is plunging on. What does he listen for?

Does Janet know? She keeps coming out here and tormenting one with that inscrutable little smile. I could almost believe that Janet is listening too. Well, so am I! I sit here holding my breath to hear I know not what. It is a queer little world—Janet's and mine and my Neighbor's.

He has never been out there before and she has always been. They have changed places, only he does not sing jubilant little songs. Occasionally he whistles softly, but he always breaks off suddenly to listen.

What sound is he listening for?—is Janet listening for?—am I?

I have heard it! He—Janet—we have all heard it—a baby's cry! I never heard one like it before, but I know it is the first cry of a little new-born thing. And Janet knows! She is out here. I am looking at Janet's face and Janet is looking at mine. Do I look like that? Something is thrilling me through and through. I feel like getting down on my knees. Janet is not crippled and hampered, why does not she get down on hers?

It was such a little angry cry—a splendid little defiance to life. Think of my Neighbor lying there and hearing it! After—after it all, to hear that splendid little cry!

So that was why she sang all day? The "lover" that was coming over the sea to her was this little, little lover who has come! She sat over there on the other side of the fence and sang and waited for him all day in the sun. I never looked through the knot-hole,but I know now she was singing and waiting, and her face was beautiful.

I know that was what Janet saw. Perhaps, too, little soft clothes in her lap that she was making. So Janet understood and came away from the knot-hole with that little tender smile on her good, hard face. It is all clear now. The little cry has made it clear.

It is a wonderful thing to happen so close to Janet and me—just through a knot-hole over a fence. If Janet's soldier-lover had lived—but now we are getting old. Janet's hair is almost white, and I have given up counting my gray ones. I let Janet comb my hair again.

I wish Janet's lover had lived. The little cry might have come closer to me then. I might even have held Janet's baby in my arms! Think of feeling a warm little head in the hollow of my neck! Oh, why was I made a woman, and stranded like this, in this chair on wheels!

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Aug. 28:—The bitterness lasted all yesterday. I would not let Janet wheel me out here. I would not let her make me toast or hover round me in her dear, bulky way. Poor Janet! I would like to ask her to forgive me, but she is Janet and I am I.

It has gone again now. I think they are getting to go away a little sooner now—is one day very long to be bitter? I am not bitter to-day. I am out here in the sun thinking of my Neighbor. Henceforth my neighbor is tiny and warm and sweet, with little clinging fists—I have changed neighbors.

Something has happened. Janet came out a few moments ago and told me my Neighbor was a little girl. "It's a girl," she said, and took my breath away. For Janet to tell me like that! But that was not what happened—Janet kissed me! If I live a hundred years I shall still be surprised at that. I did not know Janet could kiss—but of course there was her soldier-lover long ago.

"I couldn't help it," Janet said—I think she was a little ashamed, "Saying it was a girl carried me back so—they said *you* were a girl when they put you into my arms. I wanted you to be a boy, but I made the best of you." Poor old Janet, she has been making the best of me ever since.

No mother ever kissed me—no lover. I never kissed a little warm head in the hollow of my neck. But Janet has kissed me. I shall sit a little straighter against my cushions.

I wonder if I wanted my neighbor to be a boy? I cannot quite make up my mind; but I shall make the best of her as she is! I have learned of Janet. I have begun now to expect them to bring her out in the sun—babies ought to be taken out very early. I wonder how early Janet took me out? If I wait a week, two weeks—can I wait three? Someone ought to tell them that it is good for babies to be taken out of doors.

One thing is certain. When my Neighbor comes out I shall look through that knot-hole! Janet nor all the legions of the air shall keep me back then. I have not measured the distance—no matter how high or how low it is, I am going to look through and see my little Neighbor!

Sept. 23:—I have looked! I have seen my Neighbor! Janet does not act as if she saw me looking; but I think she did—well, she will see me again! I want to stay at the knot-hole and look.

Such a little dot of pink in a long white expanse—a little featureless, pink dot! But it set my pulses thrilling; they are thrilling still. It feels warm in the hollow of my neck. I heard someone crooning a moment ago and it was not Janet. It is queer how I feel since I looked through the knot-hole.

My Neighbor is so tiny they could put her through the knot-hole to me, and I am here all ready! I never held a baby in my arms, but I should know how, and anyway there would be Janet. Janet has held me. And if my Neighbor cried I could croon and Janet could hum.

The singing on the other side of the fence goes on, but now it is always low, tuned to lullaby pitch, not jubilant and swelling as it used to be. Sometimes I can catch bits about "angels" and "kisses soft as drops of dew," and "mother's arms," and then I weave a lullaby of them. I am getting expert in lullabies.

Sept. 25:—We take turns at the knot-hole, Janet and I, unashamed and openly. Then I tell Janet and Janet tells me—how long the little white dresses are, how pink the little hands and face, how my Neighbor kicks and gurgles and sleeps. They bring the cradle out under a tree, and "she that was" my Neighbor sits and jogs it with her foot. Janet used to jog mine—she tells me those things now. Janet and I are a little closer together since my Neighbor came.

Before I die I wish I could feel a little head in the hollow of my neck—just once before I die. And to-day I told Janet. She came over to me, and I thought she was going to kiss me again, but she tucked me in instead. When she lifted her head a spot on my hand was wet—so I took it for a kiss. Janet is dear.

Sept. 26:—I can hardly tell what Janet has done for me. I am still a-quiver with the joy of it. I have felt a little head warm in the hollow of my neck! I shall always feel it now. Nights, days—always. Oh, I knew it would be beautiful, but I did not know it would be like that!

I was dozing here in my wheel-chair, and I think I was dreaming—I was like other women. I think I had a lover and he changed into my husband, and I sat in the sun and sang and waited. Then something warm nestled against me—something soft as a drop of dew. And I opened my eyes and my Neighbor was in my arms! And Janet stood over us smiling—good, tender Janet!

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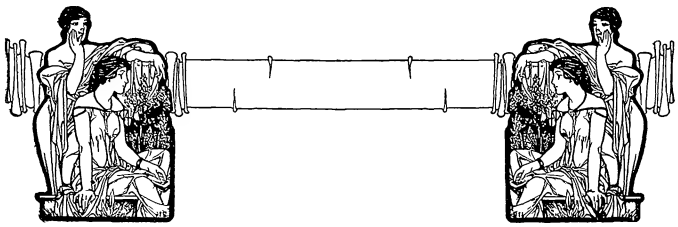
How can I tell how it felt? I sat so still I hardly breathed, and my little Neighbor slept in my neck. I never knew before a little heart could beat so fast. If I had had time it would have frightened me, but it took all my time to be happy—oh, I was happy! I could not stop to look at Janet, but I could feel her being happy, too.

Oh, God is good—Janet is good! It was a beautiful thing they did for me.

I am sitting here waiting, for Janet says I shall have the little warm armful another time—and another. Life is full of beautiful to-morrows now—it is good to be alive even on wheels. I wish I had never been bitter.

I have thanked God, but not Janet yet. I am going to do it when she comes in the last thing to-night to see if I am asleep. I am going to kiss Janet all I please—in the dark.



The Last Night in Town

By Nannie Byrd Turner

ONE sunset more will burn and fade
Over against the city's rim,
Shadow on tender shadow dim
The hushing streets; and, overhead,
A thousand domes, a thousand spires
Fling back far fires.

Another midnight touch my heart
And breathe, "Be still, the People sleep,
But wake a little while and keep
A solemn watch, aloof, apart,
And hear the spoken hours, and see
The lights flare fitfully."

Afterward, chill and star-bereft,
Will dark die westward, and my watch
From a grey, lofty window catch
A glimpse of heaven promise-cleft:—
Through gateway of a last bright dawn,
I shall be gone.

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By George C. Jenks

WHO are the great ones? It is a philosophy older than the mighty crags upon which New York town is riveted, that the road to fame belongs to all humanity. The way is free, wide and inviting. True, there is a toll, but it is one which may be paid by the beggar with an empty pocket as easily as by a steel king—weeping because he fears to die rich, with his cumbersome millions. Money is not in the question. All that is demanded is that you force a second look in your direction from those who may be going the same route, or standing still to gaze at the procession. Let the jaws of half a dozen men drop when your name is mentioned, and you are distinguished; a dozen, and you are a celebrity.

It matters little what you have done. It may be that you have reached a century's age without seeing a railroad, or be managing one in your twenties. You may be the exponent of a new religion, of a new surgical operation, of a new socialistic dogma, of a new dish, dance or drug—only be unusual, and you have paid your toll. The kind of prominence thus obtained may be explosive—a loud noise, a bright glare, followed by silence and gloom—but it will be prominence.

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Mrs. Oliver Gould Jennings

One of the well known society women who appeared in the recent coaching parade as a whip. She is a keen lover of sport.

The Coaching Parade

Whether a woman drives a coach or not, she must belong to the coaching set if she is to be in the fashionable swim in New York. Automobiles are popular, to be sure, but the real test of good taste in pleasure locomotion is a love of horses. Thus the coaching parade, led by Colonel William Jay on the 4th of May, was distinguished as much by the large number of stunning passengers as by the ability of the drivers to manage four horses so that they should not take the heavy coach into a store show-window, or try to climb lamp-posts. Several of the drivers had their wives on the box-seat by their sides. Oliver Gould Jennings, for instance, was accompanied by Mrs. Jennings, and she attracted more attention than her husband. This was no reflection upon Mr. Jennings' driving skill, but the beauty of his wife overshadowed any mere man.

Her toilette was something to be remembered, so chic was the whole composition. It was utterly indescribable except in tout

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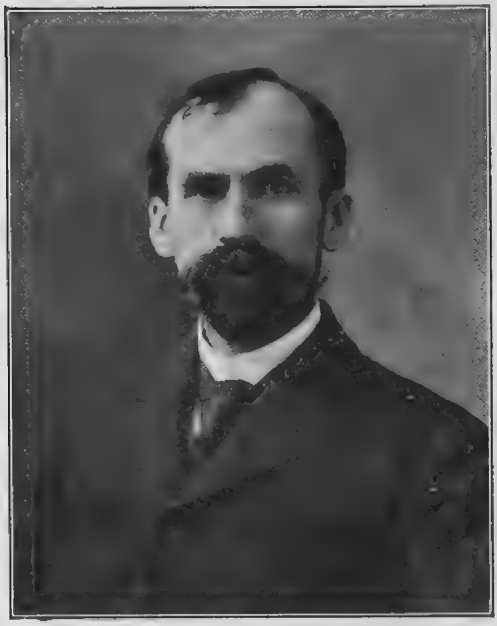

Prof. J. H. Hyslop

His investigations as a scientist and his observation of psychic phenomena in general have led him to believe in spirits.

ensemble. One feminine critic pronounced it the apotheosis of Spring. Mrs. Oliver Gould Jennings, who was Miss Mary Dows Brewster, is a singularly pretty young woman, as her photograph shows. She is a fearless equestrienne, as well as a splendid whip, which perhaps accounts for the attraction that drew her and Mr. Jennings together, culminating in their wedding not so very long ago.

Professor James Hervey Hyslop

Among the men of parts in the classic temple that has its Olympian seat on the Heights of Morningside, in New York, there is none whose work has done more for higher education than Professor James Hervey Hyslop. He holds the chair of logic and ethics at Columbia University. Like many another distinguished American, he first saw the light in Ohio, being graduated from Wooster University in 1877. After becoming an instructor in several western seats of learning, including Lake Forest University, Smith College, Massachusetts, and Bucknell University, Pennsylvania, Professor Hyslop went to Columbia, and is to-day one of the most valued members of its faculty. He has done much literary work, including volumes on ethics, logic and argument, and has contributed to many magazines. He is an ardent student of the occult, and is active in the proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research. To sceptics he is fond of quoting Hamlet's well-known suggestion to his bosom friend:

"There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Professor Hyslop is in his early fifties, and is a typical "don" in appearance.

The Poor Man's Lawyer

There are divers opinions as to the charitable aspect of the law in cases where one of the parties lacks wealth and influence. Perhaps Carl Fisher Hansen takes that view. He is a prosperous lawyer, who prefers that his client shall be the "under dog," whenever there is a wide difference between the financial and social positions of the contestants. Hence he has come to be known as "the poor man's lawyer." A modest man is this Mr. Hansen. He does not care to talk about his readiness to battle in the courts for the rights

Carl Fischer Hansen

Best known about town as the "poor man's lawyer." His wealth makes it unnecessary for him to work for money, so he takes poor people's cases for nothing.

of those who could not afford to engage an advocate of his standing, were he to demand his usual fees; but he cannot hide what he does, when his charity must, in the very nature of things, be in the open. As his photograph shows, he is a young man, with fresh emotions, held in restraint by legal acumen. He has an office in a large Broadway sky-scraper, hard by the Criminal Court building and the Tombs, and is a familiar and welcome figure to many an unfortunate in the iron-barred cells of the ugly new prison. In criminal and civil cases, as they happen to come, Carl Fisher Hansen is usually to be found on the weaker side, and he wins so many cases that he is regarded as a prophet in more than one district in Greater New York.

The Immigration Problem

That much-vexed question, what shall be done with the enormous tide of immigration when it arrives in this country, is likely to be solved, at least in part, by a woman. There is nothing unusual in a woman cutting the Gordian knot with one swift stroke. Women have been astonishing lordly man by prompt action in difficult situations since Alexander's day and before it. The Countess di Brazza is the woman of the hour in the immigration quandary. She has a plan for founding an "International Association for the Distribution of Immigration." The Countess recognizes, as does every one who has given the question consideration, that the real difficulty is the disposition of immigrants who stay in the city at whose port they land. They are an inert mass in general. They clog the great seaport places like New York, Philadelphia and Boston; and each shipload of foreigners coming in is regarded by the people already in those cities—foreign born themselves, largely — as a calamity. The Countess di Brazza has come to this country as the accredited representative of the Italian Government, and royalty has tendered her its co-operation. It is the Countess's intention to establish headquarters for her society in New York. The Countess said the other day that the society had a threefold object—to assist worthy people in Europe to emigrate—to send them to agricultural and industrial centres on their arrival here—and to protect them from the "sharks" ever on the watch for immigrants, to take advantage of their ignorance of the laws and customs of a new country. The Countess is deeply in earnest in the work, and uses forceful English in conversation, all the more effective, perhaps, from its Latin-tinged

Countess di Brazza

A distinguished Italian woman who has come to New York to look after the emigrants. She is preparing a temporary home for the Italian wayfarer.

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accent. She made a tour of the country in the spring, but has returned to Europe to perfect her arrangements.

A Woman of Homely Virtues

Not all of those whose names are on the popular tongue are accidentals—mere children of clamor, whose negatives the photographer will destroy within a month. Here and there is one whose pictured face thrills the heartstrings and makes one think of the Christian graces. We all know which of these three is greatest; the dictum was pronounced two thousand years ago. There are such people in the public eye, for example, as Mrs. Russell Sage, wife of a man said to possess more ready cash than any other person in the world. This quiet woman disposes of most of her income in charity. She is as hard a worker as her husband ever was in his busiest money-making days. Interested in tenement work, in orphan schools, in a "rescue home," you may see her trotting about on the East Side, often with another plain looking woman as her companion—a woman whom the well-informed tenement-dweller will tell you is Miss Helen Gould—intent only on allaying suffering, mental and physical. When Mrs. Sage rides in a private carriage, it is usually with her husband. He has a team of 2:25 trotters, and it is his delight to exercise them in the park on favorable afternoons; Mrs. Sage by his side, and a stony-faced groom, with folded arms, behind. Mr. Russell Sage is more than eighty years of age; Mrs. Sage, who was Margaret O. Slocum before her marriage, is much younger.

Mrs. Russell Sage
The wife of the famous money-maker is a believer in the simple life. She is fond of animals and is here seen in Central Park with one of her squirrel friends.

A Notable Woman Lover of Horses

Mrs. John Gerken is one of the best-known lovers of the horse in New York. Her reputation as an exhibiter of noble steeds is national, as she has shown blooded animals at the best horse shows in the United States for several years. Among her trophies are many blue ribbons, several of them won at recent indoor and outdoor horse shows. Two of the most famous of her horses are Bremelon and Belmore, which have been exhibited throughout the country. Perhaps her most interesting distinction is her success in breeding horses at Gerkendale Farm, King's Highway, Brooklyn, which she established and developed, to carry out her desire to breed the best horses possible; this might be termed her serious fad. She and her children spend most of their time at Gerkendale Farm. Her husband, Mr. John Gerken, is President of the United States National Bank, New York City.

Mrs. John Gerken

A society woman who is best known for her hearty love of blooded horses. She is here shown driving one of her famous teams, Brandon and Belmore.

A New Financial Giant

Men who are money-mad, and many who are not, have for some time been wondering at the whirl which has for its center a quiet-looking individual who himself seems quietly astonished at the commotion about him. Meet J. H. Hoadley strolling along Fifth Avenue in the late afternoon and you might think him a chauffeur off duty. If you saw him, a few hours earlier, flying at the ticker, tearing off huge blocks of stock that might build a railroad, shattering a cotton corner, or throwing a spike-fence around the product of a million acres of fertility, you would liken him to a steel-clad knight, whose mailed fist seeks to grasp the wealth of the world. He is a fighter through and through. It is the thrill and shock of battle that he loves; the acquisition of money is only incidental. Coming, as do so many powerful figures of the metropolis, from what the self-sufficient New Yorker calls "the country," this Hoadley has swept like a tempest through Wall Street. Bold, but never reckless, he has hurled opposition aside with a determination that has always enabled him to carry his point, and to-day the whisper through the financial district always is "What is Hoadley doing?" The dramatic feature of it is that this calm man who has overturned a dozen fortunes, and made as many in the last few months, seems to re-

Joseph H. Hoadley

No man in the financial world has made more of a stir among the money sharps of Wall Street than this determined organizer and promoter. He is the man who planned the famous cotton trust.

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gard his achievement as all in the natural scheme of things. If he is excited, he never shows it. To all appearances he allows matters to take their course, but the current of gold and of commercial power is steadily in his direction. Will it last? That is the inevitable question.

The Man Who Isn't a Rubber Stamp

A Comptroller who controls is one of the first needs of a municipality. New York has such a one in Herman A. Metz. His position is the "watchdog of the public treasury," and any attempt to infringe on his prerogatives is met with a prompt resistance which shows how jealous he is of his official rights. Comptroller Metz lately made a remark which is ringing through the civilized world. He said: "I am no somethinged rubber stamp, to O. K. another person's wishes." He was objecting to the transfer of the Bureau of Franchises from the Department of Finance, of which he is the head, to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, under the chairmanship of the Mayor. He declared that he would not sanction the giving of any public franchise until he had investigated it personally and decided that the act would be for the best interests of the city. He would not be a "rubber stamp," to endorse whatever the board might decide without him. Mr. Metz does not believe in following the line of least resistance in administering his office, and some of the bureaucrats of New York, to whom politics are more sacred than the good of the whole people, are scandalized. Mr. Metz seems to be enjoying the situation. He is a man of force as well as brains, and one look at his picture will convince most persons that he is indeed no one's "rubber stamp."

Herman A. Metz

The young comptroller of New York is noted for bright, pointed sayings. His latest bon mot,—that he is no rubber stamp to be used in O-King other people's ideas—has given him an almost national vogue.

A Woman Who Can Handle Horses

It is quite the proper thing for fashionable women nowadays to be able to drive four-in-hand. One of the cleverest whips among the young matrons of New York and Newport is Mrs. Arthur Iselin, daughter of Colonel William Jay, president of the Coaching Club. Mrs. Iselin, inheriting her love of horses and her skill in "tooling" them from her father, is Vice-President of the Ladies' Four-in-Hand Driving Club. At the annual parade of the club in May, Mrs. Iselin led the procession of eight flower-bedecked coaches, all drawn by prize-winning horses. Dressed in the club uniform, she was a dainty figure. The costume consisted of a long blue driving coat, a drab, uncut beaver hat (which looked as if it had been borrowed from Tony Weller), gloves of tan, and a driving apron of tan covert cloth. Seated on the box, in the eminently correct attitude—feet firmly planted upon the footboard, reins gathered in the left hand, but held in place by the right, long-

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Mrs. Arthur Iselin

Few women of the smart set are more gifted in the matter of horsemanship. She is shown here as she appeared driving in the coaching parade.

lashed whip straight across her knees, with exactly so many inches of whipstock below her right hand—she was a stunning personality, indeed.

Abraham Lincoln Erlanger

When we speak of a "trust" of any kind, we generally think of some forceful personality from which it derives its initiative. There always is some such individual. In the so-called "Theatrical Syndicate" it is found in Abraham Lincoln Erlanger, one of the partners in the firm of Klaw and Erlanger. It is told that "Abe" Erlanger began his business life as a ticket-seller in a Cleveland theatre. He was a pushing young man, and the late Senator M. A. Hanna, who owned the theatre, was much interested in him. Soon "Abe" went on "the road" with a traveling company, and at last brought up in New York, where he became the partner of Marc Klaw in a theatrical booking business. The firm succeeded H. S. Taylor, who was the important man in that line in those days, and soon outgrew the quarters that had been large enough for him. To-day Klaw and Erlanger control theatres in every large city in the country, besides owning several outright, including the beautiful New Amsterdam, in New York. "Abe" Erlanger is a pugnacious, although good-humored man. He spends part of every day in a gymnasium, and is "handy with his dukes." Marc Klaw is shrewd, quiet and business-like. It is generally supposed that Klaw originates the bold strokes of policy which characterize the firm, but it is Erlanger who carries them out. "Abe" enjoys nothing more than a fight, physically or otherwise, and usually he has one on his hands. The latest important move credited to Klaw and Erlanger is the assisting in forming a new vaudeville syndicate. In conjunction with B. F. Keith and other prominent managers, this syndicate will endeavor to control the whole vaudeville

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Abraham L. Erlanger

The fighter and promoter of the theatrical trust. He is busy organizing a new vaudeville octopus.

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field, as Klaw and Erlanger have the "legitimate" for the past fifteen or eighteen years.

Mrs. Thompson-Seton, Author and Artist

There is no more interesting figure in the art and literature of the day than Mrs. Thompson-Seton, who was Grace Gallatin. In conjunction with her husband, Ernest Thompson-Seton, she writes stories and illustrates them. Born in Sacramento, she seems to have brought with her some of the glorious breezes of the Pacific, mellowed by its sweep across the Golden Slope. In all her work, whether with the pen or brush, there is a suggestion of the broad plains and free mountains as refreshing as a draught from the Pierian Springs. Soon after her marriage, in 1896, Mrs. Thompson-Seton began designing book-covers and title-pages. The boldness of her designs, always tempered by an artistic grace which seems inherent in this charming young woman, attracted attention at once, and she is to-day always in demand for that kind of service. Like all ambitious writers, she has "done" a novel. Its title is "A Woman Tenderfoot," and reveals an intimate knowledge of life beyond the Rockies, set forth with true feminine subtlety.

Mrs. Ernest Thompson-Seton

The wife of the gifted author of "Wild Animals I Have Known" is one of the most charming hostesses in the literary field, to say nothing of being a clever writer herself.

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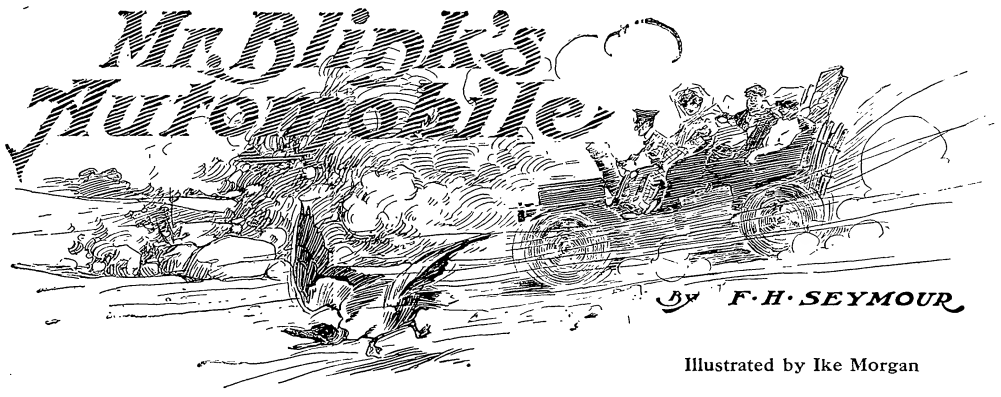

Illustrated by Ike Morgan

THE thing commenced, when, by coincidence, the Blifkins and the Blinkses moved the same day into apartments on the seventh floor of the "Skyborough Flats," across the hall from each other.

Just two days later, as strangers, Mrs. Blifkins met Mrs. Blinks in the elevator, and from that moment, you might say, things were on.

Then ensued one of those frightful friendships known only to the female sex.

In an incredibly short time they each knew about the other's wardrobe and family affairs, and each of them fondly believed she knew the other's dearest secrets; they called each other "Lobelia," and "Ariminta," and were together morning, noon and night —it was intense!

They were of similar tastes, intellectually, too. They joined several clubs whose ends were, more or less, consummately utter and soul searching researches into the realms of gush; and when "Ariminta Haljames Blifkins" read a paper on the "Psychic Aspects of Henry the VIII's Connubial Infelicities," it was "Lobelia Blinks," who led the applause; it was Lobelia who was loudest in declaring it to be "just too perfectly sweet for anything!"—it was Lobelia Blinks, who frowned at some envious lady members, whom she overheard "wondering from what encyclopedia the creature 'got' that stuff"—such was her devotion.

As a result of this, of course, Blifkins and Blinks themselves were dragged in.

They were totally unlike. Blifkins was a ponderous, fat-faced, flabby man, of such sluggish mind, that by the time he got ready to evolve a remark the time for making it was past; so he was usually doomed to silence and was, consequently, a good listener, and accumulated a reputation for wisdom.

Blinks was a short, thin, nervous and talkative little man, with a hobby for invention and mechanics.

But such a beatific state of things as this could not last—it never does.

One evening while seated around the tea-table at the Blinkses, that individual announced that he had purchased an automobile—an announcement which was destined to end this beautiful combination, as we shall see.

"How lovely!" chorused the ladies in rapture.

"Yes!" continued Blinks proudly, "and what's more, next Monday is our wedding anniversary, and I propose we take it for a holiday together—embark in the 'bile' and go off somewhere in the deep woods, far from the madding crowd, and have a picnic."

"Oh! I don't like picnics," cried Lobelia, "one cannot eat comfy squatted on the grass —horrid bugs get into the butter and—"

Mr. Blinks chuckled. "I don't mean that ordinary common kind of a picnic, my dear, I propose we shall all sit at a table under the trees in style; but there now, you girls provide the goodies and I'll see to the table—you just leave that to me," and Blinks winked at Blifkins and chuckled some more.

"Where shall we go?" someone inquired.

"Leave that to me, too," said Mr. Blinks, gaily, "I happen to know of a fine place about twenty miles from here, and not a railway station within ten miles of it—it's secluded too; you see, we must get clear away from the world."

"Oh! that'll be heavenly," exclaimed Ariminta.

"Er-r-r-r!" said Mr. Blifkins, which

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seemed to be all the comment he was able to make on the subject. So the picnic was a settled thing.

Everybody was puzzled on Monday, just as they were about to start, when Blinks produced a bundle of boards and a package that contained folding chairs, which he proceeded to fasten under the new auto.

"What are all those boards for?" inquired Lobelia, as Blinks fussed around like a fly over a jar of jam.

"That's your table."

"Where's the legs?"

"Oh, you'll see, dear," replied Blinks, mysteriously, as he annexed a shovel with a cord to his machine, and fussily stored away the generous baskets of good things.

At last they were off, the auto deeply laden, and soon were merrily bowling along the country road in the sunshine, where Blinks evoked unending applause by his dashing chauffeurship; awed the ladies into silence, or affrighted them into exclamations of terror, by increasing his speed, causing them to utter little gasps of alarm when he frightened horses, chickens, cows and dogs in true "red devil" fashion.

At last, when they were about eighteen miles from the city—well into the hush of the still, deep country—about four miles from Yapville village, a smooth field appeared, ascending slightly from the road to a point about an eighth of a mile away, where there was a beautiful grove on a sunlit knoll.

"Ah!" exclaimed Blinks, pointing to the trees that crowned it, "there's our place;" and so saying, he turned the automobile off the road into the field, and mounted towards it.

Here they stopped. The auto was soon denuded of its contents, and then Blinks took off his coat, and began some very mysterious operations; his genius was being made manifest.

He first released his shovel, and surrounded by his companions, whose curiosity he refused to gratify, he began to dig two long, narrow trenches parallel with each other, under the shade of a great tree.

Next, having completed them to the depth of a foot, he proceeded to back the auto into them. Then he undid his bundle of boards, and soon had them bound together in a platform. This he deftly placed on top of the auto, fastened it on firmly with some clamps, and having placed his chairs around, lo! there stood a table as firm as any that ever graced Sherry's or Delmonico's;—it was a triumph.

Amid exclamations of admiration, Blinks, bathed in perspiration, retired in glory to a mossy bank and proudly fanned himself.

To be sure he had wilted his collar, smudged his white vest, and knocked an inch or two of enamel from his patent leathers; but what of that?

As Lobelia truly said, it was for Edison, to invent the phonograph; Marconi, to produce wireless telegraphy; Bell, the telephone; and finally, fate decreed the name of Ichabod Blinks should be added to the list as the first man on God's green earth to offer a combined automobile and table.

When the ladies had the table set it was a sight for an epicure.

A snow-white cloth hid the boards, and fell around concealing the auto.

On it was spread, pickles and jam, jellies, fruits, and a good store of Lobelia's and Ariminta's best silver. A cold turkey graced one end, and a roast pig the other, and bottles of wine and beer guarded the intervals between, while celery and wild flowers added a combined umbrageous and Arcadian flavor to it all.

Preparations being now complete the happy party drew up their chairs, and sat down comfortably to enjoy it.

Right there the trouble commenced.

"Oh! Blinks dear, where is the corkscrew?" exclaimed Lobelia.

"I'll get it, it's under the seat, in the toolbox," responded Blinks with alacrity, as he pushed his chair back, and dived under the table cover into the front part of the auto, while the rest waited for him to re-appear.

Then something appeared to be wrong! Blinks had evidently disturbed some lever!

Chug! Chug-g-g! O-o-of! went the auto.

It began to shake a little, shook harder until everything on it commenced to dance, then, to their infinite surprise, their table started to move out from under their noses, fast, faster—until, before they realized the fact it was making full tilt across the field to the road, bearing Blinks along, and leaving Ariminta, Lobelia and Blifkins in a daze, seated with nothing but a hole and a pile of dirt between them instead of a luxurious feast.

Lobelia was the first to find her voice.

"Icha-bod! Ichab-o-d! Stop-it! Stop-it!"

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All being now complete, the happy party drew up their chairs.

If Blinks could hear, or made any reply, no one knew.

All that could be seen of him was his legs sticking out from beneath the cover; his white gartered feet waving distressfully in the air, as the runaway auto cruelly bore him away.

Across the field, straight for the road it made, the eatables on its surface agitated weirdly by the jar of motion.

They seemed to be executing a dance—it was all hands around, between the cold turkey, a catsup bottle and the celery; a spoon holder, the piglet and the butter-dish performed a solemn minuet, while various other things did lonely *pas de seuls*, or got out of the way entirely by falling off.

As an accompaniment, the unfortunate Blinks, still caught under the seat, went along, his white spatted feet waving in the air, and his dismal howls smiting ruefully on the ears of his distracted friends—who had recovered themselves and were strenuously chasing their runaway dinner.

Like a thing of life, when it reached the road, the auto turned, and made straight down the pike toward Yapville, with increased speed.

II

Mr. and Mrs. Denis Foggarty possessed three pigs. One of them gave them infinite trouble by getting out of the pen.

This pig Mr. Foggarty named William J. Bryan.

"Phwhy do ye call him that?" enquired his friend Cassidy.

"'Tis two reasons, Cassidy," replied Mr. Foggarty. "The firsht is becase he wont shtay shut up, and th' second is whin I come out in th' mornin' t' feed him, it's 16 to 1 I won't find him in."

Accordingly Mr. Foggarty had arranged for the sale of the pig to his friend Tim O'Hara, the butcher of Yapville; and on the very day of the automobile picnic, Mrs. Foggarty was on her way with the pig to deliver it to O'Hara, where it was arranged she was to meet Mr. Foggarty.

It was when she was moving along contentedly, driving William J. Bryan by a cord attached to his hind leg, and had just passed the place of the picnic, that the runaway auto, now going at a tremendous pace, still holding the unwilling Mr. Blinks in its clutches, appeared on the road behind.

Perfectly innocent of danger Mrs. Foggarty plodded on, while grim death hovered in the rear.

A rush and a roar, and it was all over. Mrs. Foggarty found herself dazed and uninjured in the ditch with the diminutive form of Mr. Blinks, whom the jolt had released, lying across her stomach, while William J. Bryan, the pig, likewise unharmed, but howling with terror, was making across the fields towards the woods, the cord on his hind leg snapping like a lash and adding to his fears.

Mrs. Foggarty released herself from Blinks, who groaned and rubbed his back, got up and shook himself, then turning to him exclaimed:

"F'r th' love of Gawd, man, d'ye know phwhat—phwhat's happened us?"

"Oh-h-h, me! Oh-h-h, my!" groaned Blinks, "'Twas an automobile."

"Phwhat! wan av those rid divoles?"

"Yes," said Blinks.

"An' whose was it?"

"Mine. Oh-h, my!" groaned Blinks.

"Oh, it was yours, was it?" exclaimed Mrs. Foggarty fiercely. "Then ye just git up an' cha-ase me pig—" so saying she grasped the little man by the collar and lifted him to his feet.

At this juncture, Mr. Blifkins, Ariminta and Lobelia arrived on the scene, laden with silver articles and dishes they had gathered on the way.

"Ar-re ye a gintleman?" demanded Mrs. Foggarty, turning to Mr. Blifkins.

"I am," responded that person.

"Then, ye fat fa-aced divil," cried Mrs. Foggarty, "phwhy don't ye cha-ase me pig?"

"Oh! this is absurd!" exclaimed Ariminta.

"Absurd! d'ye say," said Mrs. Foggarty, turning on her with great indignation. "Absurd is it? An' me here walkin' along th' road, paceable like, with me pig, both of us mindin' our own bizness, an' ye tur-rns loose on us yer r-rid divil in a whate gown! It's only th' protection av the saints that kept us fr'm bein' squashed flat as griddle ca-ake—now will none av ye's cha-ase me pig?"

No one made a move.

"Thin I'll have th' law on ye!" so saying, Mrs. Foggarty shook her fists under their noses aggressively, and departed in high dudgeon down the road toward Yapville.

"There's one thing I regret more than the loss of six spoons, three forks, a pickle fork, and some dishes of my wedding outfit," said

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Mrs. Blifkins in freezing tones to Mrs. Blinks.

"Indeed, and what is that?" retorted the latter with equal hauteur.

"That is, that our good sense should have so far departed from Mr. Blifkins and myself as to lead us to trust ourselves in an auto with that insignificant idiot!" pointing to Blinks.

Blifkins had gone. The auto was gone. The pig was out of sight, so was Mrs. Foggarty—there was nothing for them to do but walk into Yapville to see what had become of the machine, which they proceeded to do, Blinks telling Lobelia on the way how his sleeve had caught in the machinery and started it.

A rush and a roar and it was all over.

"This is too much!" cried Mrs. Blinks. "Madam! I—"

At this point Mr. Blifkins intervened, having stopped a baker's wagon and engaged passage in it for himself and wife for Dunston Junction, whence they could get a train for the city.

So Mr. and Mrs. Blinks were left alone in the road, gazing forlornly at each other as the

III

Two days later, in the course of a connubial confabulation, Mr. Foggarty recounted to Mrs. Foggarty the exciting events that occurred in Yapville on the arrival of Blink's automobile on that eventful day.

"D'ye know, Honora," Mr Foggarty said, "befure ye came that day, an' tould as av th'

loss av Wm. J. Bryan, an' we sint O'Hara's b'yes out an' got him, Tim O'Hara an' me was called t' th' front av his shtore be seein a runaway horse dash by.

"Thin we saw a cloud av dusht at th' head av th' street.

"'Howly shmoke!' says I, 'Phwhat's that comin?'

"'I dinnaw,' says O'Hara, 'it looks like a ta-able gone wild!'

"'Th' saints preserve us!' says I, 'it's a Banshee!'

"Be this time it had ta-aken a suddint turn off th' road an' was comin' down th' sidewalk lickity split, an' there was an ould lady r-right in front av it.

"'She'll be killed,' I shouts.

"'It's th' ould maid—th' minister's sisther,' yells O'Hara, 'an' she's as deaf as a posht,' says he, 'Oh, me! Oh, my! She's a goner!' says he.

"But she wasn't—whin th' divolish thing was within no more av a dishtance than two sixteenths av a rid hair—shplit an' polished—fr'm her—she seen it, an' whiff! she was up an' awnin' pole like a monkey, there she clung t' th' top av it, lettin' off yells that ud make anny fog horn on th' Atlantic coasht tur-rn green with envy.

"Meantime th' thing r-rushed on, an' whin it met four byes a carayin av a counter out av a shtore, it made kindlin av th' counter an' left th' byes tangled up in th' splinthers.

"Immajetly afther this, it took wan more tur-rn, an' wint bang! through a plate glass window into a millinary shore. There was fufteen wimmen in there at this time, an' they at once comminced an exhibition av fufteen hundred different kinds av hysterics all over th' pla-ace.

"Mebbe 'twas this that scared th' thing—small blame to it— annyhow, it backed right out av th' pla-ace, an' run right over across th' shtreet down some steps into a cobb'er shop, an' scared th' cobblers stiff—wan av thim was still throwin' fits whin I left.

"Here th' thing shtopped. It turned over on its back, with its wheels spinnin' in th' air, squirtin' oil an benzine like a lawn fountain, an' here, f'r th' firsht time it was discovered t' be an automobile in dishguise.

"Av coourse, there was wild excitement, an' whin, afther a time, a little man appeared, bare headed, with his collar half tor-rn off, his coat r-ripped up th' ba-ack, his pa-ants shmeared with black, an' th' sole av wan av his patent leather shoes half tor-rn off, th' crowd knew without his sayin' a wor-rd, he was th' propreather av th' rid divole, an' they wud have lynched him, then an' there, but f'r his wife bein' with him.

"He was arristed at wonct. Th' joodge fined him sivinty-five dollars, an' made him pay f'r all th' damages.

"It was indade a sight t' see him payin' thim, an' they was all prisint excipt wan—"

"Phwhat wan was that?" enquired Mrs. Foggarty.

'There was no bill brought in f'r frightenin' th' zinc linin' out av th' ould maid, th' minister's sisther.

"Afther tellin him he wud like t' send him up f'r a million years, th' joodge let him go."

"Who was they?" asked Mrs. Foggarty.

"Teddy Corcoran, who r'rins th' elevator av th' Skyborough Flats" knows them. They live there, he says, and so does the other couple that was along. They don't speak now, he says. Bechune th' wimmin it used t' be 'Pet' an' 'Darlin,' he says, now whin they meet in th' elevator, th' air gets so could, it ud ma-ake you shiver, he says.

"Annyhow, it's a sorry thing, Mrs. Foggarty, people have no more sinse of fitness."

"Phwhat do ye mane by that, Dinnis?"

"I mane, Mrs. Foggarty, that if ye had good sinse, ye wudn't try t' ma-ake a churn out av a church organ, n'r an ice cream freezer out av a sausage stuffen."

"No, I wuddent!"

"Then, Mrs. Foggarty, ye'll see that a fule that buys an automobyle, becomes a dum fule, if he trys t' ma-ake it into a dinin-r-room ta-able."

"Shure, an' I can see that aisy," said Mrs. Foggarty with the emphasis of conviction.

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TYPES OF METROPOLITAN LOVELINESS

THE WOMAN IN SOCIETY

Mrs. John P. Laflin

A prominent member of the Greenwich, Conn., summer colony. From a portrait by George Burroughs Torrey.

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Amalia Küssner

Whose miniatures have won fame for her in this country and Europe. From a painting by Coudert.

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Mrs. Charles P. Noyes

Wife of the well-known New York millionaire stock broker. From a painting by George Burroughs Torrey.

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Countess De Roguemont

Formerly Miss Clapp, of New York, who, before her marriage, was well known in Metropolitan circles. Her family was always very French in its tendencies; going so far as to import French designers and artists to decorate their home in lower Fifth Avenue. From a painting by William Thorne.

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Mrs. John Jacob Astor

From her latest portrait by Prince Troubetzkoy. This artist is well known in New York circles, not only for his portraits, but also as the husband of Amelie Rives, poet and novelist.

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Mrs. Larz Anderson

Formerly Miss Perkins, of Boston, Mass., and well known in Washington, Philadelphia and New York social circles. From her portrait by Cecelia Beaux.

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Mrs. Charles H. Steinway

Wife of the well-known piano manufacturer. A leader of Hombourg summer society. She is considered the best gowned woman frequenting that resort. From a painting by George Burroughs Torrey.

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Mrs. Edwin Gould

Formerly Miss Schrady, daughter of the well-known physician, Dr. Geo. F. Shrady, of this city. From the painting by Madrazo.

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Mrs. S. F. Flower

Formerly Miss Hilda Clark, who, before her marriage to the nephew of the late Governor Flower, of New York, was well known for her beautiful voice. From a painting by Frank Fowler.

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Mrs. William F. King

A prominent New York society woman who prefers Paris to her native city. Her residence on upper Madison Avenue is one of the most imposing. From the painting by T. Douglas Crane.

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Mrs. George B. Torrey

The latest portrait of this beautiful woman, by her husband. Noted for her exquisite taste in dress and equally well known in French and New York social circles.

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WHEN the Reverend Benjamin Gates came to Sunnymead and took charge of the Episcopal Mission there, it was soon noised abroad that he was without a help-meet; consequently, it was not long before half a dozen brides had been selected for him by the energetic ladies who controlled all things pertaining to the Mission. Indeed, if the worthy gentleman had tried to please them all, there would have been nothing left him but to become a Mormon forthwith. Thus far, however, he was innocent of their intentions.

Miss Myers, the organist, was supposed to stand the best chance on the strength of her position, but as she was a large, blonde woman and he was a large, blond man, it was rightly reasoned on the strength of the idea that opposites meet that they would not be likely to attract each other. There were three young ladies in the choir, who were each in turn fixed upon as the probable Mrs. Gates. One, however, was too frivolous, another too melancholy, and the third too angular to quite fill the requirements decided upon by the leading lights.

Then again, there were two Sunday School teachers who would have seemed to suit admirably on account of their churchly zeal; but alas! Miss Tupper was plain and stuttered, and Miss Hill was just a bit too old—and there it was.

The minister himself was a man of no small attractions. He was what is commonly known as a "fine looking" man, though in many cases the type might quite as justly be termed "coarse looking."

He was tall and fat, with a big, open, clean-shaven countenance, and scant, fair hair that grew rather far back from his forehead; a very ill-natured person might have called him bald. He had a hearty, ringing laugh that made everyone consider him a good fellow at once. His age was unknown and difficult to estimate, but, judging from his looks, one would have taken him to be between thirty and thirty-five. It had been rumored by unkind people that he was rather too fond of a horse race for one of his calling, but nonsense, you can't believe all you hear.

"Speaking of marriage," said Mrs. Buchanan to her pastor, at a church festival, as he delicately ate a dish of strawberries and cream worth fifteen cents, "You do not mean us to have a bachelor minister always, do you?"

Mrs. Buchanan was a matronly looking woman with an air of generalship, and with no marriageable daughters; she therefore felt no hesitancy about asking this sort of a question. Even had she felt any, his spontaneous laugh would have set her at ease immediately.

"No, no, my dear madam; indeed I do not! I am only waiting till I have the good fortune to meet Miss Right."

"Miss Wright?—why, how funny! There is a Miss Wright here this evening. She's the school teacher. Have you never met her?

"Why no. Pray introduce me, Mrs. Buchanan. Who knows but she is the lady I have been looking for all my life?"

Despite her undeniable good looks, no one considered Miss Amelia Wright as even a remote matrimonial possibility. She was tall and slender, and carried herself with an air of the utmost hauteur. She had coal black hair, combed back from a high, intellectual forehead, fair complexion, and light brown eyes that gazed upon the world with a most unmistakable "I despise you" expression.

Few, indeed, were the young men who, admiring her, had dared to put their admiration into words. Those who did so once were never known to commit a similar offense. In strictly grammatical phrases she intimated that they were insulting her, and

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gave them in no measured terms her low opinion of them and her exalted opinion of herself. One of these unfortunates related afterwards that it was like having chunks of ice hurled at you from a sort of animated iceberg.

No one would have guessed that this lady cherished ideals, or dreamed of matrimony, but she did both. She had made up her mind in early childhood that she would marry a minister, thinking herself fitted by her exceptional goodness and remoteness from "the common herd" to fill the place of a clergyman's wife. The clergyman, himself, must be a perfect being, only partly human, mostly spiritual and intellectual. She must be his one and only love, as he would be hers.

She had cultivated her intellect at the expense of her emotions—at the expense even of her common sense. Her ideas were most unworldly; her ideals not to be met with in the flesh; her opinions fixed, frozen and immovable.

It was a case of love at first sight on the minister's part, and Miss Wright smiled upon him so cordially that he felt his case to be not entirely hopeless.

In his calls, strolls and drives with her afterwards, he proved all that a lover should be; he even measured to fill Miss Wright's high standard of other people's excellence. What she liked so much about him was that he was so frank and open. Miss Wright disapproved of other people having secrets. He told her all about his happy boyhood in the far West, and she could tell from his anecdotes that his youth had been absolutely irreproachable in all respects.

She, on her part, told him all the inner workings of her heart, told him without reserve how dearly she loved arithmetic, and how she loathed widowers.

"If I knew myself to be in the same room with a widower I should withdraw immediately," she said primly. "And to think how many of the heartless creatures marry a second time! I think it is shameful."

To all of which the Reverend Benjamin heartily agreed.

"And were you never tempted to fall in love with anybody before you met me?" she asked him modestly, one day.

"My dear Amelia, how can you ask? There is not another woman like you on this planet," he said, a world of reproach in his candid blue eyes. And she was satisfied, agreeing fully with his last statement.

Time slipped by and within a few months the Reverend Benjamin Gates led the irreproachable Amelia Wright to the altar, to the dissatisfaction of his entire congregation, save Mrs. Buchanan, who was the only one fortunate enough to have had a hand in it.

It was a quiet wedding. The groom bitterly regretted that his relatives could not be present; the distance being too great. Amelia suggested going to his Western home on their wedding trip, but the Reverend Benjamin had a much more attractive tour planned, and Amelia yielded to another's wishes for probably the first time in her life.

One day after their return, when they were comfortably settled at the rectory, a large package came from the West, by express. It was addressed to Amelia. The Reverend Benjamin was out visiting parishioners, so Amelia decided to open it herself.

"A wedding present from some of Benjamin's relatives, no doubt. It comes very tardily," she thought.

When out of its box and its many wrappings, it proved to be a large picture, rather badly done in charcoal, nicely framed. It represented a young couple, evidently bride and groom, standing side by side, she in an old-fashioned dress and veil, he with hair combed into a neat pompadour and wearing a long, flowing moustache. They looked very young, and very awkward and miserable, as happy couples generally do in pictures. Amelia scarcely knew whether to be pleased or disappointed.

"Benjamin's relative must be a very common person," she thought. "I presume he considered this a most appropriate wedding present. I wonder if he thought Benjamin and I looked like that. I am sure we did not. But after all, there is no card saying from whom it comes. Perhaps there will be a letter to elucidate the matter."

But no letter arrived by that post, and Amelia became quite annoyed by the small mystery before her husband returned.

When he came in and saw it, he was also annoyed.

"You say there was no card, Amelia—are you sure?"

"I am certain, Benjamin. Can you imagine who sent it?"

He drew a long breath before he answered: "No, my dear, I can not, unless it is some business house sending it as a sort of—of advertisement."

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"But there is no advertisement upon it, or lettering of any kind," she persisted.

"Oh, give it to me, and I'll burn it!" cried Benjamin, picking up the offending gift and going toward the kitchen stove with it. Amelia made no protest, and he took it to the stove, looking at it once more, and changed his mind.

"Perhaps we'd better keep it after all, Amelia," he said. "It seems like wronging someone to destroy it."

"Where can the wretched things come from?" she asked her husband, feeling that he must know.

He was very, very angry, too.

"How in the world do I know? There isn't a single clue anywhere, except the fact that it comes from the West."

"Have you not any relatives who could be doing it? Have you any of these horrid people who enlarge photographs in your family?"

"You shameless wretch! you vile deceiver! you—you—widower!"

So it was put away in the attic, facing the wall, and the trifling vexation seemed at an end.

A few weeks passed serenely, and again a mysterious picture arrived from the West. This time it was a group of three; the same bride, only grown a little older and more matronly looking, the same groom, only now wearing a small beard as well as the moustache, and a large, healthy, energetic looking baby.

Amelia was angry.

"No, I have not." He answered both questions at once.

"Well, it is an enlarged photograph, that is evident. And it is very badly done, too, and so immense."

"The frame is very nice," said Benjamin. "Suppose I cut the picture out, and use the frame for something else."

"Very well; do as you please."

He drew out his knife, opened the longest blade, and prepared to slash the picture into shreds; but, as before, he hesitated, looked at

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the group again, and decided to put it in the attic with the other, just as it was.

Out of sight, it soon ceased to torment them with its mystery, but the next month brought yet another work of art.

This time the husband was still the same; but the wife looked shockingly ill, and the baby had grown to be a big boy.

Amelia's sensitive face flushed at this third intrusion. The Reverend Benjamin was white with rage, and speechless for a time. Amelia's anger turned upon her husband, lacking other vent.

"Benjamin, you *must* know something about this. *You* came from California; *the pictures* come from California; and yet you cannot think *who* is sending them, or *why*. Do you not at least know the detestable people they represent?"

Benjamin was pacing the floor, still white and furious. His eyes glittered like steel, and were quickly averted as he said, "No."

All their discussion led nowhere, and when the third picture was relegated to the attic with the rest, they dropped the subject, though Amelia never ceased to fruitlessly ponder over it.

There was a lapse of several months before another western visitant made its appearance. It was addressed to "Mrs. Benjamin Gates," as the others had been. She was absent when it came, and Benjamin opened it, examined the case and wrappings carefully for a clue, but found none, and then gave himself up to contemplation of the pictured faces for a long time.

They were bust pictures this time; two of them side by side. The man was the same, beard, moustache and all, except that he wore no pompadour now; his companion, however, was quite new. She was a large, robust woman, with curly, black bangs falling low on her forehead, almost to her eyebrows. The Reverend Benjamin thought of putting it in the atttic before his wife came home; he was half way up the stairs when she entered. She shrieked when she caught sight of the picture, and made him come down and show it to her.

Her disgust, and the things she said about the people in it and the unknown who sent it, were very bitter and unbecoming in a minister's wife.

The mystery was making life a burden to them both. It got on Amelia's nerves, and she became irritable and snappish, secretly holding her husband responsible for the annoyance. Benjamin himself grew positively old and haggard under it.

In a few weeks came a still later representation of the robust lady and the bearded husband, little altered except for a modern style of hair dressing. Amelia had hysterics over this one.

The next picture showed the man alone, but shorn of his beard. In the same case was a simple cabinet photograph of him clean shaven, with his hair growing far back from his forehead, and wearing a black tie that somehow suggested mourning.

Amelia examined the two alone for a long time, until her eyes grew stern and cold, and her mouth compressed itself into a hard, straight line.

The Reverend Benjamin was in his study; he knew nothing of the latest arrival. He hardly knew his wife's face as she summoned him upstairs to the attic, but he followed her, trembling with a sense of impending doom. And well might he tremble! Across the room all seven pictures were ranged, from the first bridal couple to the last cabinet photograph.

"There sir!" cried Amelia, almost beside herself with rage and excitement. "There is the disgraceful story of your life. Can you deny it?"

He shook his head mournfully. It was too late now to attempt denial.

"*Now* will you tell me who has been sending them?"

"My—my—son," he faltered. "The rest of them are dead—both dead."

"I should hope they are," she snapped, "You shameless wretch, you vile deceiver, you—you—WIDOWER!"

The scene which followed was a most painful one, but at last Amelia's fury spent itself and the whole truth came out. The son had been bitterly opposed to his father's remarriage. After his mother's death, and when the Reverend Benjamin, being once more bereaved, had taken Amelia as a third wife, the young man decided upon this form of revenge, which would have proved very complete and satisfactory to him could he have witnessed its culmination.

Matters finally readjusted themselves between the unhappy pair at the rectory, but not before Amelia had acquired a somewhat broader view of life, and the Reverend Benjamin had learned a late but ineradicable lesson in straightforwardness.

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Newport

What does the Ocean think of you,
  Human and light and gay —
The Ocean, old as the world is old
  And gray as the gods are gray?
'Tis well, I trow, that you know not now
  The things that the sea might say! —

"Eyes that are bright, you must surely fade,
  Cheek that is red grow wan;
Flesh that is fair, mean heart, gold hair
  Pass like an August dawn.
Hopes die, lives wane, but I remain
  When life itself is gone.

"Lithe limbs that gleam in my wild embrace,
  I have store enough of my own;
I have winnowed them fine with my biting brine
  And polished the whitened bone:
False hearts that beat where my tides retreat,
  You are heavy and hard as stone.

"For a little year, or a score of years,
  You dance on my farthest shore:
My waters roll from pole to pole,
  Lords of your peace and war;
Friend of the many million years,
  I wait a million more.

"You play at love and work at hate
  And ape sincerity:
Your one real breath you draw at death
  When the little soul goes free; —
I stand and wait the last command:
  'There shall be no more sea.'"

Reginald Wright Kauffman.

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The Abandon of Coney Island

By Stuart Gould

The sea yields us here only its gayer hours, its smiles and allurements.

THERE is a city of high walls and hot streets; of stifling alleyways that run like sordid ravines between tall buildings; of close, narrow houses and cramped rooms where the cool breath of meadows and trees and brooks seldom comes—and in the city swarm myriads of people, crawling in and out, running, gesticulating, laughing, crying, through all the multitudinous phases of that phantasmagoria called life. And near the city is a tawny, flat little island which lies soft and listless under the sun, while the blue sea comes and licks its flanks. The city is named New York and the island Coney Island. And when the heat shimmers against the stones, and the air clings humidly to the walls, and the people gasp for breath in the city, then there is a spasm of action—a rush of thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands pushing and crowding and jamming like lost souls in a panic; deserting the suffocation of the town for that yellow isle in the sea, for the breezes which sing their way across the waves, and into the hearts of the throng along the shore.

It is said that in this great democratic country of ours there is one place where the status of all men is equal—the ballot box. And to that we could add another—the place where its people are amused. Coney Island has been written about time and again; scribblers have laid bare its glories, its novelties, its picturesqueness, its humor,—but the abandon at Coney is a subject that has never yet been touched. Yet the abandon—the glorious surrender of self to the great spirit of frolic and carelessness, is the very essence of the place. You stand not upon the order of your going and your coming when you visit the great little amusement place. Individuality becomes a mere atom in the great throng, a mite of dust in a whirlwind.

Two hundred thousand people on their way to Coney! You are crammed into the trolley cars, you are jammed on to the "L" road, you are packed with other human sardines on to the excursion boats. Struggling and fighting for even a foothold, and the bare privilege of transportation, you are merged with the rest into a greedy maelstrom of humanity. Are you a clerk? You have your elbow in a prominent banker's eye, and are forcing an eminent lawyer into a small corner. Staid old matrons forget their dignity and their portliness, and rush harum-scarum like school-girls for a place to sit. The bell clangs. "All aboard!" shouts the guard. Where, oh, where is your class distinction, your fine reserve, your patrician aloofness then? In one mad scramble the East Side rubs elbows with Riverside, Avenue A with Fifth. *Rapiat diabolus extremum* is the war cry, as relentless as the ancient "Hurrah!" of the Huns. Your first lesson in democracy for the day has begun.

The Americans are a fun-loving nation; and American fun appeals pretty much to all classes alike. Nobody is ever butchered to make an American holiday; we simply roll up our sleeves, loaf and invite our souls. We are all together at Coney, and hob-nob with laughter. The sea yields us here only its gayer hours, its smiles and allurements. Like a great, kind mother it gives us only its pleasant and its soothing

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phases, and leaves its dull gray waste for winter and the sea-gulls to thrash and beat against gloomily. The great hot metropolis wants none of that; but it comes on these summer holidays to get the vigor of the sea air, the stinging of the salt breeze, the zest and savor and gusto of its freshness—comes in bounding, seething, panting throngs to lie and lave in the cool waters, to merge all urban restlessness and fret and worry in the vast, serene peace of the ocean. Again the individual is absolutely lost; again he becomes a mere speck in the universe, no bigger than a grain of island sand—no more necessary in the eternal scheme of things than a drop of water on the crest of a wave. Who is your neighbor, peering dumbly out across the expanse to where the sky line meets the sea? Is he the great statesman? How big a wave would it take to drown him? How many days for the world to forget him? For once at least he is stripped, as Lear was stripped, of every rank and title. But ah! On with the fun and the holiday!

—heads bob, tongues clatter, their gleaming muscles flash like sword blades in the sun.

It is pleasant to bask in a summer's afternoon tangle of savory sea breeze and our own laziness; to idle away the time with half-closed eyes and hear the hum of the crowd about us; dream our little recuperative dreams—feel again that we are little children all of us, running riot in the soft sunshine, holding hands and laughing. It seems as if we were tots at school again, all classed together; some of us to be future presidents; great men; wonderful women—but all in the future. Now we are just partners in a gay ring-around-the-rosey game. We do not even think of the differences which may exist between us. That all comes in the future, you know. And when is the future? Oh, two or three hours from now—centuries away! Just now it is the great hurly-burly of amusement which grips us. We are here to throw off care and worry and, yes, even thought, while the sun sleeps on the sand, and the waves go slap, slap, slap against the embankment. Hardy arms beat out toward

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—to bask in a summer's afternoon tangle of savory sea breeze; to idle away the time with half-closed eyes.

the open sea, where bold swimmers take the waves with overhand strokes, and their gleaming muscles flash like sword blades in the sun. On the beach and in the breakers close at hand, heads bob, tongues clatter, everybody shrieks and giggles and squirms in the delight of the water. From afar come the faint strains of the merry-go-round music, filtered through the murmur of the afternoon.

Here is abandon at its utmost. Sportive, frolicsome, happy and light-hearted, the people play along the ocean's rim. Again personal is fused into general, the one into the mass. How each separate picnicker takes something of the tone of the crowd! Look at the mothers in the surf! They are as blithe as the daughters. Do you think they have forgotten how to play high jinks? You are mistaken in your human nature. Five-and-fifty becomes five-and-twenty at Coney, and the transformation is the effect of salt water, the sunshine and the infectious humor of the great mass of people. Indeed, there is something about it all which makes you wonder if poor old Ponce de Leon didn't wander directly away from the Fountain of Life after all, when he turned his back on the sea. Look at that gray-headed man over there, three score and ten if he's a day—building houses out of Coney Island sand with a little tin spade! Yesterday when he was writing a new "Critique of Pure Reason." or delivering his lecture on Civil Procedure, he would have laughed at the suggestion that twenty-four hours later he would be ten miles away, pounding sand into fantastic shapes with a paddle. Vanity of Vanities! This is but one more example of the great logic of Nature and the puerile logic of Man. Where is Ambition? Carried on golden wings to the blue sea. Where is Wile? Art? Business? Ethics? Gone; gone with the metropolis which lies so many thousand years behind you; gone fluttering down the wind that wings across the gulfs of Neptune; gone in the great swirl of human gaiety about you. Something delirious in the sunshine, something catching in the breeze has cleared your brain of all its work-day household rubbish, and given you pure humor, sweet repose, fresh strength instead. You laugh and toss your head. The spirit of play rules the scene.

Coney's beach is a great relaxing place. You can feel your muscles yawn and your

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Coney's beach is a great relaxing place. You can feel your muscles yawn and your brain drowse on the tawny sand.

brain drowse on the tawny sand; and you can feel your eyes clearing through their film, your heart singing a rowdy song and your lungs swelling with the sharp intake of life when you get out in the water. You stand staunch on your two legs, knee-deep in the surf, and while the little waves smack their lips around you, you gaze with the vision and vigor of an eagle straight at the far gray banks of the horizon—keen, eager, nervous with the poignant tang of living.

On the way home comes the relapse.

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Ah, there is abandon for you, the abandon of utter weariness! Crammed and packed into boats, trolley cars, elevated trains, or automobiles, the vast multitude scurries under the shelter of night back to its metropolitan desks and counters and homes. Tired and fagged as a retreating army, they pile on board, this time dragging their feet and blinking their sleepy eyes. Once under way, the hum of the cars and monotonous click-click of the wheels, or on the the boat the steady roll, lulls them into somnolence. Hats and legs and arms are awry. Husbands and wives drop asleep on each other's shoulders. Children in dreamland sprawl along the aisles and passageways. Morpheus, again, is no respecter of persons; and in the Land of Nod there is no caste. Worn to fatigue, you and the great editors, and the eminent lawyers and the street peddlers, and the plumbers and the artists, lie at rest in indiscriminate confusion. So even after you have left the little island, it still exerts its influence, and sends back to the dusty city a heterogeneous mass, a mixed impersonal throng of human beings. Still the abandon of Coney asserts itself!

Socialism

The frequent employment of this word in an offhand way has led to a general demand for its definition, and so at great pains the careful compiler has accumulated the following explanations of the word for the future enlightenment and guidance of those who now walk in darkness. Socialism is

1. The rational solution of all modern economic, social, and political problems.—*Karl Marx.*

2. An irrational frenzy; ignorant hysteria; fanatical and illiterate upheaval.—*U. S. Senator.*

3. A cold, calm, logical remedy.—*Joseph Medill Patterson.*

4. Anarchy pure and simple.—*Railroad Magnate.*

5. Quintessence of Christianity.—*G. B. S.*

6. A bait to catch the working classes, and gain their votes and their newspaper subscriptions.—*N. Y. Sun.*

7. The alkahest.—*Emma Goldman; Herr Most; Debbs.*

8. A movement engendered out of devotion to fellow man.—*Jack London.*

9. A movement engendered to annihilate fellow man.—*Unbiased Critic.*

And 10. A term shrouded in indefinite meanings; anything vague and obscure; a word of so many meanings that it has none—such as: "gentleman," "American," "professor," "artist," etc.—*Common People.*

Illustrated by Walter Whitehead

THE night before Paul had committed suicide. And now it was late afternoon, gradually sinking into a mauve twilight, and the things of this world were taking on their tristful, vapory, fairy dress after the garish day. I had been asked to take charge of the callers as they came and went to view the body, and since noon I had been about my cheerless task, answering the door, keeping the parlor and the little alcove quiet and subdued, the curtains drawn, the talk lowered to a whisper. Because Paul had loved violets, I now had them in abundance about his rooms; and purple crêpe was draped on the door to tell the sunshiny world outside of the death within the house. Once a thought of Virgil's lament over the young Marcellus came to me as I moved noiselessly in and out, and I half chanted the lines beginning "Purpureos spargam flores, date lilia plenis . . ."

People came and went in numbers, for he had many friends, and many good friends. Paul was of that mercurial disposition which seemed all sunshine and optimism, which adopted itself at once to all surroundings, and which drew the miserable ones of this world to him for consolation, as a magnet draws things of iron and charges them with something of its own essence. A man of some forty years, he was unmarried, he had no relatives; but, as I said, he had scores of friends; and among these I walked and listened.

In the other room, darkened by thick arras and tapestry and shrouded in a potential gloom, lay the suicide, three candles pouring out their steady light upon the wreath of violets around his head. In the antechamber those who had come to mourn sat and waited in silence, grouped about in all the various postures of woe, some with heads thrust into their hands; some with eyes staring straight ahead at nothing, their numb brains probably conjuring up no images, no sequence of thought. Each of their little idiosyncrasies was brought out sharply by contrast against the general nullity of the company. Old Grymley's sore eyes and nervous hands became painful to look at; and a young man with tousled hair and unkempt neck, his crossed legs displaying a hole in the sole of his left shoe, sat ceaselessly, mechanically cleaning the fingernails of his one hand with the thumbnail of the other. The costumes of several were, to me, ridiculously funny. I found myself imitating the peculiar twitch of one's mouth as he whispered; it was a sort of nervous wrinkle running from nostril to mouth-corner, making the upper lip flicker spasmodically. My eye sought out threadbare places—places that had been darned—places where the clothes fitted well or ill; loose buttons, and all the infinitesimal things about each person's dress. A sort of nervous brooding seemed to seize them as the twilight came. The mourners were in constant fear, it appeared, of saying or doing something inappropriate, and so they stayed well within bounds, employing the stock phrases which are always used in speaking of sudden and untimely death—"too bad," "such a pity," "terrible loss," "so infinitely sad," "awful," and so on. Seldom did anyone venture anything further, and, if he did, he felt insincere.

There was a mystery about Paul's suicide. None could understand why he had done it. They began at last to speak in low tones of the possible causes for his action, tremulously advancing theories and then retreating into palliative encomiums of the dead. After that a fitful silence would ensue, only to be followed again by the sporadic discussion. Presently a man entered from the other room, where he had been closeted with the body.

He was Paul's business partner, a large, heavy personage, square-jawed, with even

now the inevitable black cigar held firmly in his teeth. He was all physical and cerebral, dynamic yet calculating, a massive commercial machine; and, as a result, whatever his feelings were they were under control and hidden. Only the lines in his mask-like face were deeper by a trifle, and his lips clutched his Havana more grimly. "I cannot understand it," he muttered to those in the antechamber. "I cannot understand it." He heaved a long sigh, and his tongue made a sound which resembled "tut-tut-tut." "Why, he had just made a million dollars yesterday on a big deal in stocks! If he had lived he could have made as much more—yes, a great deal more than that. He had a fine future before him, a future full of power, of opportunity—a cool million dollars on the one deal!" Several of the financial men present, who had snatched a brief hour from their labors to "pay their respects" to the dead man, nodded their heads in assent to the partner's words. There was a short silence.

"That's just it," began a man who was violent on the subject of psychology. "That is the great trouble about hopes and ideals, my friends. One must always set them high, so high that he feels it would be a miracle if he should attain them. Not high enough, you understand, to discourage him, but still high, very high. Otherwise when he finally does realize his ideals, he becomes dead—morally dead. His body may live on, but it is only a stagnant, rank existence. Satisfaction is the most miserable thing in the world to a man of intellect, of power—he is no longer actuated to really live. This is a psychological fact, deduced by laboratory experiment and logic. It can be demonstrated scientifically. It is essentially a psychic state, and professors from the German universities have made this a life study"—and his jargon of technical terms and data and statistics increased to a voluble clamor. His eye beamed with a fine frenzy; his voice grew in volume. Surroundings were wiped away, and he was lecturing to a class. His conclusion was: "And this must have been the case with Paul. He had made up his mind to get a million dollars, and he got it. He was a young man as the world goes, and here on the very threshold of his prime he had attained his ideal. There was nothing left for him to do but blow out his brains!" With which exclamation, feeling it to be bold and brutal in such a place and at such a time, he caught himself up and relapsed into silence.

The subtle, soothing, unctuous tones of the theological student, ordained for the ministry, followed upon the short quiet: "There is still another possible reason for our friend and brother's violent and shocking demise, dear comrades, which I think in this worldly discussion should be taken into account. It may have been that, though well schooled and equipped in the other qualities so necessary to this existence, Paul lacked that sure and certain hope for the future which comes from a fine spiritual faith." Paul's partner stared in unconscious boorishness at the speaker, his jaws parted in sudden surprise, and his cigar fell to the floor. He picked it up again with a grunt. "Spiritual faith," went on the man of the cloth, "a belief in the highest and holiest things, however much all earthly travail may beset us, is as necessary to human life and human progress as the dew to the flowers and the sunshine to the fields. Religion is an anchor true and steadfast in every storm; a shepherd for every erring lamb. The Scripture has many things to say upon this subject, but I shall not stop to quote them. When we look about us and see the workings of a marvelous universe we are overwhelmed with thoughts of holiness and love. When enemies assail and the mind is filled with bitter thoughts, then we call religion to our aid and are sustained and soothed. There would be no suicides if all of us were workers in the fields of holiness, humble laborers in the vineyards of Zion. Considering that Life is but a brief span between two Eternities in which we are meant to perfect ourselves—in so far as we poor mortals may speak of perfection—it is a crime before the highest tribunal to make an end of all by our own hand. The cloak of the church is meant as a protection to the weak; it is there that their salvation lies. I think, brethren, that if Paul had received the words of some true minister in time, he would never have come to this, he would have seen the error of his ways, and we would not now be left to thus mourn his early loss."

The silence was as deep as the twilight. I lit two candles upon the mantel and in the half-light viewed the circle. The business partner was comatose in revery; an invincible stupor had seized upon him. Old Grymley was sniveling childishly and dabbing his handkerchief into his eyes. The clear cut

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face of the young theological student fairly shone with fervor, and the air about him seemed electric with youth and sincerity.

A calm visaged, mature man took up the thread of the discussion in philosophical wise. His even, well-modulated voice brought out his sentences and the points of his argument distinctly. "There is such a thing in this world as a sense of humor," he said, and hastened to add, "oh, I don't mean the ability to gauge funniness. I mean the ability to recognize a thing at its true value. It has been called the 'saving grace.' If Paul had possessed it, I think in this case it would have saved Paul." He paused a moment, impressively. "We are too apt to judge things personally in this world. Because we are close to a calamity it looks large to us. We should be philosophical; we should judge impersonally. We should throw our immediate troubles into the great scale of things—and then we should see how really trivial they are. 'Everything looms and fades before the Eternal,' says Emerson. Get off away from your woe; view it in the universal scope of humanity and you will be ashamed that it ever even irritated you. Paul was probably oppressed with some one grievance which grew upon him until it seemed the biggest thing in the world yesterday —today it is infinitesimally small. A sense of humor is a sense of true proportion; it says

"They began to talk in low tones."

to you 'Do not take this thing too seriously.' The psychologist, wrapped up in his subject, beats out a narrow pathway by means of Logic and Experiment to the great mystery, and thinks his scheme the one and only thing in the world. To us he is merely a bore, because he takes himself too seriously." Here some one stirred uneasily. "And so it is with the theological theorist and his platitudes." Here someone else stirred uneasily. "Paul lacked a sense of humor," was the final conclusion of the grave, worldly man. "He would have laughed to-day at that which caused him to kill himself yesterday."

"Ah, but I know his temperament," eagerly cried a young person with long hair, who had been bubbling with the desire to speak. "He was a poet. His spirit chafed under the restraints of common daily existence. He was wild, untamed, emulous. His was the passion of the flower for the sun, of the eagle for the upper ether. The dull task of living ground him down to earth when he had hoped to walk the mountain tops and commune with God. Life too sordidly 'stained the white radiance of Eternity' for him. There was only one thing to do, or go mad—that was break his bonds, free himself from this paltry bickering called Existence. I have felt that way myself at times—many, many times. Suffering could not make him purer, for he was already the purest among us. He felt these earthly limitations keenly; who has not? Does eating and sleeping, and infesting the theatres, or the four o'clock tea suffice the man whose soul is yearning for the highest and the noblest that life has to give?" He broke off abruptly and Griggs, the physician, added:

"That suggestion as to Paul's going mad occurred to me late last night while I was going over in my mind some possible explanation of this horrible matter. I think it is very possible that he may have been demented —er—temporarily, you understand," he hastened to insert, "and—er—relatively speaking, always, always relatively speaking. Acute nervous prostration, brought on by—er—financial worry incident to the manipulation of large sums of money; indigestion; loss of sleep—in fact, a complication of those ills which are most evident in our modern strenuous life—could very easily bring on despondency—er—frequently does do so, to my own personal knowledge. I have several cases like that on hand at present. Yes, the chances are that it was for some such reason —I mean in some rash moment of melancholia, hypochondria, neuropthia, or what you will—that Paul—er—took his own life."

The assembly lapsed into uncommunicative tranquillity after this for several long minutes. As if they had threshed the question down to its ultimate kernels of theory, they sat in sated contemplation of their work, each still busy with his own promulgations and not in the least disturbed by what the others had said. It was fast night outside by this time, and the meagre candles barely tipped the ring of faces with the yellow beams. Presently one of the financiers yawned, gazed at his watch, reached for his hat and silently stood up. The entire company imitated his movement. It was time to go. As I ushered them out and down the steps I heard the business partner say crisply to the physician: "Whatever it was, it wasn't a defalcation or anything like that. I went over the accounts this morning. No, sir, the money's safe. Paul's books are all straight and square."

I closed the door and stood in silence in the dark for a few moments, looking out upon the hushed world and the darkling air. I thought of the sweetness and calmness of Death. That is the only way I have ever thought of Death—just a great, passive being, a *nuance*-like existence of quiet grays and sombre purple shadows. As I remained thus I heard sounds of some one sobbing in the other room; it was the sobbing of a broken heart. The carpet was soft and thick and some one must have slipped in there noiselessly during the argument. With a deft movement, I, too, approached the inner arras without a sound, and stood gazing at the scene.

A woman, with her back toward me, was bending above the violet wreath and weeping softly. She had not been one of the circle, so I concluded she must have entered from another apartment in the dark. The soft light of the candles bathed her red-golden hair in a haze of color as she kissed the dead man's face and caressed his brow. "Sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart," she murmured brokenly.

I thought of the psychologist, the preacher and the rest; I stood in silence, and the woman wept.

The woman? Madame or mademoiselle? I closed the curtain and did not try to recognize her. For me the dead body answered that question; my friend Paul was a man of honor.

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This is a picture of the gifted star of "Zira" as she appeared at the age of four years.

The Stage and Its People

By Lillian Bell

The Little Father of the Wilderness

FRANCIS WILSON has added a curtain raiser to his screamingly funny play of "The Mountain Climber," in the shape of a one-act play called "The Little Father of the Wilderness," by Austin Strong and Lloyd Osbourne.

By the way, I wonder what suggested that title to the authors? I seem to find something vaguely familiar in the wording of it. Never mind. It is a good title and perhaps I only imagine that I have heard something like it before.

This play is utterly unlike anything I ever saw Francis Wilson in before, inasmuch as it is nearly pure pathos, with only a suggestion of comedy. But even the suggestion of comedy is overshadowed by the hint of tragedy which is equally near.

Père Marlotte, the Little Father of the Wilderness, is a Jesuit priest of the wilderness of the Canadian New World, and the time of Louis XV of France, and of Frontenac's victories.

The play opens in an ante-chamber of the court at Versailles with Father Marlotte, a companion named Frere Gregoire, and a large wicker cage containing an American raccoon. Father Marlotte has been sent for by the King, and Pere Marlotte has brought the raccoon all the way from the shores of the Great Lakes to present it to the King.

Father Marlotte is in ignorance of the reason why the king has summoned him, but is induced by his faithful companion to hope that he is to be rewarded for his years of arduous toil on the frontier, which have aged him before his time, as the torture, by the very Indians he strove to civilize, has injured him for life.

Presently in floats the frivolous court. The king looks at the summons which Father Marlotte exhibits as his reason for coming—but the light-headed king has entirely forgotten why he sent for the little priest, until

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Gertrude Coghlan
The daughter of the late Charles Coghlan, who is appearing in "The Lion and the Mouse."

reminded by a courtier that it was to decide a bet. The king has declared that the falls of Niagara are four miles high. Father Marlotte has seen them, has he not? Well then, decide. Is the king right or wrong? The king is wrong. The Falls of Niagara are *not* four miles high. The king in a fury demands to know whether Father Marlotte was ever at Niagara—if he has ever seen the Falls? Yes, he has seen them. At Niagara was the scene of his tortures by the Indians.

The king vents his displeasure on the two priests, who are hustled from the room in disgrace. Only at the door do they receive a word. Mlle. Henriette, the king's favorite of the hour, lays a hand on Father Marlotte's arm as he hurries past, and speaks compassionately to him.

Enter the king's guard to announce Chevalier de Frontenac, fresh from victories in the New World, and in a blaze of glory the bronzed veteran, surrounded by his captains and a dozen American Indians, is ushered into the king's presence.

In short pointed sentences de Frontenac announces his victories, and presents His Majesty with an empire in the New World. The king, arrested by the momentous achievement, drops for an instant his frivolous mien and responds with kingly fervor.

Louis Kauffman Anspacher
A highly talented Professor of Columbia University, who has entered the field of the playwright. His first effort, "The Embarrassment of Riches," has proved a success. He is the husband of Kathryn Kidder.

De Frontenac is about to withdraw, when through the open door he catches sight of the little priest.

With exclamations of joy the two—the great commander and the humble priest—meet and embrace.

Then de Frontenac draws forward the reluctant little priest, and in words of burning eloquence he describes the work of Father Marlotte. He even has the generosity to say that Father Marlotte's work of civilization among the Indians exceeds that of all the king's army, and that the empire he is enabled to present to the king was made possible by the selfless life work of this little man. The Indians, recognizing "the little father," kiss the hem of his gown—a thing, by the way, no real Indian would dream of doing.

During the speech the king appears to have become a man; and when de Frontenac makes an end of speaking, the king commands his court to kneel and he himself kneels to receive the blessing of Father Marlotte—the Archbishop of Toulouse!

The play is admirably written without unnecessary words, and brilliantly acted by all; but the character of Father Marlotte was a revelation to the audiences of Francis Wilson, the comedian, whose crooked legs we have laughed at for years.

In this play all his awkwardness seemed to be the result of his injuries; his voice was that of an old man; and his half humorous, half whimsical, turn of mind exactly that of a man capable of fighting the great battle of the wilderness.

Bruce McRoe and Kathryn Kidder
Kathryn Kidder as Elizabeth Holt in "The Embarrassment of Riches." Kathryn Kidder created the role in Washington, but Charlotte Walker played the part in New York.

As a piece of acting it is a cameo, well worth the entertainment of an entire evening—as exquisitely done as the part Lionel Barrymore made of the Sicilian organ-grinder in "The Mummy and the Humming-bird," or as Joseph Jefferson's work in "Rip van Winkle," or as William Florence's impersonation of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Such

pieces of acting as these remain the criterion in the minds of art lovers, to judge the rest of the world of actors by.

"It's All Your Fault"

Edgar Selwyn, the actor, play broker, and dramatist, has blossomed out recently like the flowers that bloom in the spring. First, his three-act farce, "It's All Your Fault," which ran so successfully in London, has had its presentation on Broadway at the Savoy, with Herbert Sleath and Edgar Selwyn himself in the leading roles. Secondly, he has just signed a five years' contract with Cohan and Harris—the only George M. having decided to become a producer of other people's plays as well as his own. Thirdly, the first piece to bear the name of Selwyn as author to be produced by this new firm is called "A Man of Millions," and is to be produced in September.

Mary Boland
Leading woman in Robert Edeson's Company.

All of which is not bad for one man, especially when that man happens to be the husband of clever little Margaret Mayo, who dramatized "The Marriage of William Ashe" for Grace George, and who is at work on a new original play, which is already spoken for.

"It's All Your Fault" started out to be a play of grown-ups, but it proved to be a vehicle chiefly for the exploitation of Master Pincus, a newsboy with a megaphone voice, who was picked up on Broadway to shine before the footlights. I saw him first as one of the children with Joseph Cawthorne in "Fritz in Tammany Hall," when he only had a few words to speak. He was very funny then, but in this play he has a real part to play, and the child shows decided talent, aside from his voice—which is husky, hoarse and as indistinct as a brakeman's calling suburban towns—and his appearance, which is like a comic valentine.

The farce offers fast and furious opportunity for fun after the first explanation of the pivotal point, which is the fact that a rich uncle has been sending a monthly allowance to his nephew, because he has married and settled down. When the uncle showed signs of weakening on the allowance, the nephew, in order to insure its continuance, wrote saying that there was a son, which continued the allowance for some years longer without trouble.

Suddenly the uncle decides to pay a visit to the nephew, for the express purpose of seeing this boy. This is where the play begins.

Of course there is no boy available and exposure is imminent, when in through the window climbs a boy from the Orphan's Home next door, who wants to escape from too much living by the clock. He who once ate when he was hungry, and slept when he was sleepy, had been obliged to eat by the clock instead of by his stomach, and to sleep at the will of another person. Hence his desperate escape.

While the distracted father (Edgar Selwyn) and the friend who was willing to help

Marion Abbott Jameson Lee Finney Dorothy Tennant

Scene from the American Newspaper play "The Stolen Story."

out (Herbert Sleath) were eliciting this information from the boy, the uncle is announced, and the boy has to be hidden, also a box of Lord Fauntleroy clothes bought by the father in the mad hope of finding a boy to fit them.

Here comes the screaming part. Of course this Pincus boy puts on these clothes, and anybody with an imagination can picture the antics of this newsboy in velvet breeches, his bare legs scarred from a score of fights. Instead of the cherub face and golden curls we are wont to see with this apparel, we see a scion of the slums, who, when anyone moves in his vicinity, ducks as if expecting a blow, and guards his face with his arm.

Complications arise in both families: the wife of the uncle thinks this boy is his; the wife of the distraught nephew bursts into tears of suspicion and reproach every time his name is mentioned; and the young girl is separated from her lover, the obliging friend of the negative father—all through the fault of this boy, who is more unhappy in his new environment than at the Orphans' Home.

It finally turns out, just as each wife is about to leave her husband, that the boy is the son of the governess (who has been obliged to pose as unmarried in order to obtain and hold her position) and the expressman (who had come to remove the trunks of the departing wives), and the curtain falls on the delightful grins of Master Pincus and the satisfied countenances of the rest of the cast.

In the handling of the situations Mr. Selwyn has proved himself to be a clever playwright, and "It's All Your Fault" is far above the average farce in entertainment.

Edna May is making such a hit in London in her new play, "The Belle of Mayfair," that even the British papers are moved out of their inborn lethargy to comment on the remarkable fact that so permanent a success can come out of "The States." But if ever a girl deserved success it is Edna May. Several years of adulation on both sides of the Atlantic in the two greatest cities of the English speaking world have left her as modest, dainty and refined in her acting as the first time the footlights flashed upon her beauty.

Even to the most refined taste Edna May's work never offends, nor leans toward coarseness, loudness nor vulgarity.

Of how many of her sister actresses in musical comedy may this be truthfully said?

Ergo, the permanence of Miss May's success and the golden foundation of her fortune. Sometimes it actually pays to be refined on the stage.

Arnold Daly has wisely revived Bernard Shaw's clever satire on his own play of "Candida," entitled "How He Lied to Her Husband." Would anybody less brilliantly clever than Shaw have had the nerve to do so daring a thing as to satirize his own serious work? Or is Candida serious? Or is Bernard Shaw even serious? How does the matter stand, anyway?

Many men. Many minds. Scarcely any two persons the world over, be they friends, enemies or only relations, agree all the way through in even the simplest discussion of Shaw's attitude.

Personally I believe that he would like to take human nature seriously, but experience and a sense of humor constantly war against the impulse, so that in the most unexpected moments and at the most unexpected places, he gets a new angle of view and has to sit down and laugh at his work—as far as it has gone.

Only—and herein lies the difference between Bernard Shaw and all other writers—the joke is so good that he takes the public into his confidence and shares the joke with them. And all but the bullet-head are grateful.

"How He Lied to Her Husband" turns on the pivotal point of a stupid husband's conceit. The spiteful sister of Teddy Bumpus, the husband, finds a batch of verses written to Aurora Bumpus, his wife, and shows them to her brother. He confronts the unhappy youth, the poet of eighteen, who indited them, and, by previous arrangement with the wife, the poet lies and says they were written to Aurora, Goddess of Dawn. When the husband, having read the impassioned stuff, very naturally doubts this and taunts the poet with his lack of resource, the boy declares that he does not admire Mrs. Bumpus sufficiently to have written poetry to her.

John Findlay and Bijou Fernandez

In Bernard Shaw's clever play "Arms and The Man."

This so enrages the conceit of the husband, whose pride in his wife is that of a man for a fine mare or a blooded bulldog—the pride of possession and the pride of owning something which the less fortunate covet—that he begins to boast of the fine men who have admired Mrs. Bumpus to the verge of indiscretion, and he winds up with such fury at the boy's callousness to Mrs. Bumpus' charms that he knocks him down.

At this, the boy turns on himself, and confesses that he had not only written the verses to Mrs. Bumpus, but that he loved her so madly that he had that very evening invited her to elope with him.

This sop to the injured husband's vanity proves so soothing that everybody shakes hands and the curtain falls on Mr. Bumpus begging the poet to allow him to have the verses published in limp leather.

Doesn't Shaw make fun of us to our faces most impudently but deliciously?

Isabel Urquhart does excellent work as Aurora, and Dodson Mitchell is capital as the typical husband of what generally goes by the name of "a fine woman" among men who appraise a woman's points as they would those of a race horse they considered purchasing. Arnold Daly was the poet.

"The Embarrassment of Riches"

This original and delightful play in three acts, by Louis Kaufman Anspacher, came to Wallack's to try for the favor of New York playgoers at a season when everybody was glad of a new interest, and a packed house—filled with an audience somewhat differing from the ordinary first night, perhaps because the author is a professor at Columbia University—greeted the attempt.

The audience was both entertained and interested; first on account of the play's human interest, and second because it was well written.

The story is of Elizabeth Holt, a poor girl, who suddenly became the heiress of millions. This part was played by Charlotte Walker, who presents a most attractive appearance, but who does not make the most of her opportunities.

Elizabeth Holt is interested in settlement work and handsomely endows a settlement under the direction of John Russell, an enthusiast for political purity and for the social regeneration of the masses.

John Russell is admirably played by Bruce McRae, who makes of the hero a man full of nervous force and of magnetic enthusiasm.

Elizabeth is, of course, at once surrounded by a flock of fortune hunters, chief among them being the Duke of Clairs (Stanley Darke). A silly youth, her cousin, Bob Gildersleeve, is also commissioned by her father to marry her in order to keep the money in the family. If not, the hideous alternative is offered him of going back to Boston to live.

A party of Miss Holt's friends plan to go slumming to entertain the Duke, and John Russell comes to thank Miss Holt for her endowment, but mistakes the heiress for her secretary, Miss Elizabeth Phelps. Twice before he has seen her and fallen in love. Or as he explains it in his tempestuous love making, "The first time I ever saw you, I made plans for a castle in the air, the second time I saw you I began to build, and the third time, the castle was all built, ready for us to live in!"

Herbert Sleath and Master Pincus
In "It's All Your Fault." The latter was a newsboy in New York until called off the streets to take this part. He has made a remarkable success.

This decided sort of love making is rather grateful to the heiress, who has been made suspicious of the intentions of all men by their somewhat obvious intentions, but a more capable actress than Miss Walker would have invested the part with an interest which the author supplied in the lines and opportunities, but which Miss Walker let slip—whether accidentally or from her conception of the part, I cannot say. At any rate, her acting lacks magnetism.

The second act shows the East Side Settlement, with John Russell so absorbed in his work that he barely takes enough notice of Miss Holt's entrance to see that she is there. The work done, however, he plunges into his love making with equal absorption. Much of the success of the performance was due to the excellent work of this most capable actor.

The ward boss played by John Bunny was as good a piece of character acting as one often sees, and Mr. Bunny was equally good in the first and third acts as Corbin the butler.

The raid of the gambling house next door to the settlement gave jaded playgoers a new sensation, and when Miss Holt's fine friends climbed down the fire escape and took refuge in the settlement room, and finally on account of a raised cheque, and the mistaking of Miss Holt for the defaulting secretary of Mr. Russell, they are all obliged to spend the night at the police station, the fun becomes most excruciating. In this scene the comedy borders on farce, but not too much so to prove acceptable. Gertrude Berkeley as Mrs. Goodwin was killingly funny with the "rat" coming out of her Marcel wave, and her tumbling hair and bobbing hat.

Rose Stahl

In "The Chorus Lady," a vaudeville sketch which has been running in New York for two years and which has achieved real distinction as a clever piece of work.

Of course, there is the usual separation when John Russell discovers that his Elizabeth Phelps is in reality Elizabeth Holt, the heiress, but he is brought back in the end and all is well.

A rather good touch is Miss Holt's forgiveness of the defaulting secretary, Miss Partridge, who shields her lover, though he has raised the cheque from one thousand to five.

The worthless cousin, Bob Gildersleeve, had written love-letters to the pretty secretary, Miss Partridge, who had been prompted by her gambler lover to threaten to sue for breach of promise. He borrowed this amount of hush money from Elizabeth Holt, whose cheque passed from his hands to Miss Partridge, and from hers to the gambler's

Rehearsal scene from "The Student King"

In the centre are Reginald DeKoven, the composer of the music, standing, Stanislaus Stange, the author of the book, sitting to his left, and Raymond Hitchcock, the star, to his right.

with startling rapidity. There is a genuineness about the sincerity of these slum workers, Miss Holt and John Russell, which challenges the respect of the audience and redeems this element from the suspicion of priggishness which so often mars other plays.

Taken altogether, "The Embarrassment of Riches" is above the average in interest, invention, human feeling and smoothness.

Mistakes Will Happen

Labeled a comedy-farce, and written by Charles Dickson—though he fears to admit it, at least until after the critics have done their worst—a most amusing piece was produced at the Garrick, entitled "Mistakes will Happen."

Charles Dickson, Edna Aug and Alice Johnson bore off the honors—Charles Dickson as the actor-husband; Edna Aug as the boarding house slavey, and Alice Johnson as Mrs. Hunter-Chase, the stage-struck society woman. The part of the actress-wife was played by a Miss Anna Johnston, said to be a southern girl, and an aspirant for Broadway honors. But if she is serious in her wish to become an actress, she must think a little less ostentatiously of the impression she is producing and more of her lines. She must also nod her head less frequently and hold her hands still. But, as she was cast for an exceedingly foolish part, where her chief business was to look pretty, she succeeded in her role fairly well. She has magnificent auburn hair and a good figure, but she lacks the New York girl's distinction in wearing her clothes. Her costumes were so lovely they deserved to be worn with more of an air of having arrived.

The interest flags in places. Again there are parts so fascinating that one thinks the whole play deserves re-writing. Mr. Dickson has undoubted talent as a playwright and is a most accomplished actor, but one cannot help wishing for a smoother performance.

Edna Aug was simply delicious as the German maid of-all-work, and in the third act introduced several of her singing and dancing specialties, which were applauded to the echo. She could have responded to the encores for half an hour, if she had been willing to stop the action of the play for so long.

Miss Alice Johnson played with humor and ability, and the other roles were filled acceptably, Rose Eytinge, as Mrs. Price, making a typical landlady—fat, vague and sentimental.

The story of the play is that of Dorothy Mayland, a young actress, and Tom Genowin, a young actor, who are secretly married, and cause talk in Mrs. Price's boarding house by the length of time Tom spends in Dorothy's room. If they confess their marriage they will be dismissed from the company.

When Mrs. Price remonstrates with Dorothy she confesses her marriage under promise of secrecy; but Linda, the slavey, overhears, and although sworn not to tell, the manager hears of the marriage and discharges them both.

Tom Genowin has written a play called "Vanity's Victims," which all the managers have refused, so the young couple endeavor to find an "angel."

Enter the Hunter-Chases—Mrs. Hunter-Chase, who wishes a new part to play in a charity entertainment at the Waldorf for the benefit of Japanese spaniels, and Mr. Hunter-Chase, who loathes the stage and its accessories, but who admires Dorothy herself to the extent of boring himself by hearing her read the play, with the intention of seeing if it is not noble enough to be produced in the hope of elevating the stage. Mrs. Hunter-Chase engages Genowin to coach her in her part, and each pair of conspirators names the same rendezvous, at the same hour—the carriage-house of the Hunter-Chases at two o'clock on Thursday.

The setting for the second act is very unique. It consists of the main floor of the carriage-house, with the loft and two flights of stairs.

Before either set of conspirators enters, Linda has a scene with the Hunter-Chases' coachman, who is going to marry her and set up a delicatessen shop, when, hearing voices, Linda hides in the harness room, and Mr. Hunter-Chase, who enters to clear the coast, sends the coachman on an errand, leaving Linda marooned.

Before she can escape Mrs. Hunter-Chase and Tom Genowin come in, and ascend to the loft, where Mrs. Hunter-Chase and he begin a most amusing scene of rehearsal, in the midst of which they are interrupted by the entrance of Dorothy and Hunter-Chase, whom they watch through a knot-hole in the floor of the loft. As he attempts to make senile love to her, faint noises make both couples suspicious and after much clever simultaneous ascending and descending of

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both flights of stairs, and many laughable predicaments, they all escape, and the third act is expected to straighten everything out.

As it does this in an original and happily unhackneyed way, the audience is distinctly grateful to Mr. Dickson.

With some pruning, a little judicious padding where interest lags, there is enough of originality and clean, healthful humor in the piece to make it worthy of a distinguished success.

The Odds

What are the odds that she will answer "Yes"
To my entreaty when I shall confess
How dear I love her? Will she say to me
That all I ask of her can never be—
That she may never heal my heart's distress?

Or will she turn my doubt to joyousness—
Dispel my fears with her sweet smile's caress?
I would a trembling lover could forsee
What are the odds.

Yet, up, my heart! Shake off thy fearfulness
And stand before thy fellows in the dress
A conqueror should wear to victory!
For listen! There are maids of like degree.
What matters one refusal more or less?
What are the odds!

Wells Hastings.

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The Swiss Mountaineers

by Montague Glass

Illustrated by Lee Woodward Ziegler

MY niece Mary is an imaginative young lady, yet consistent withal. Incongruity hurts her like a blow. For instance, last week when we were engaged in the various occupations of mother and child, she had tucked me into my crib—the library sofa—and retired to the dining-room, there to assume other duties of her role. During her absence and in a moment of abstraction, I lit a cigar and glanced over the columns of the Sunday paper. Such was her chagrin upon her return that she wept aloud, and my brother-in-law begged me, from the vantage of his den, not to be a profane fool, and to stop teasing the child.

On pleasant afternoons she takes me for walks in the Park, and I feel sure that the people we meet think we are father and daughter. *We* know, however, that she is my mother and I'm her little boy; at least till we reach the Casino, where a recess is declared while I pay for the ice cream soda. If I happen to run across a friend and he insists upon talking about the recent bull market, or why the deuce they don't improve the smoking room service, she ignores us altogether, under a tacit agreement that such digressions don't count. They are to be construed as "dies non," as indeed are the occasions on which we meet her own personal friends, when, of course, the artificially created relation of parent and child could not be maintained under their candid eyes, without embarrassing complications.

Last Thursday we encountered Ludovic Jenks, as luck would have it, on the very threshold of the soda fountain called on the sign boards, "The Mineral Spring." Ludovic had just finished his post-prandial vanilla ice cream soda, while Mary and I were about to buy checks at the cashier's desk with which to procure our beverages—a chocolate ice cream soda for Mary, and a glass of Kissingen for me.

Hospitality demanded that we invite Ludovic to join us, which he did in the teeth of vehement protestation on the part of his Fraulein, who predicted a severe bilious attack, to which it would appear—although not from his ruddy face—Ludovic was subject. With the discrimination of the gourmet that he was, he selected a combination of pistache and maple flavors, and plied his spoon with such vigor that he had drained his glass with a sucking, gurgling noise before Mary had made much impression on the gorgeous cube of ice cream that fell to her share.

With a spoon poised in his chubby fist, he gazed on Mary's face showing dimly through the milky sides of her soda glass.

"Chawklet, ain't it?" he commented.

Mary emerged from the confinement of the tumbler to breathe again the outside air, and nodded a polite assent to his question.

"Brown," he murmured, as though in reflection. "Mine was green and yellow."

"Huh, huh," she answered, once more occupied with her sticky beverage.

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"Mine tasted like buckwheat cakes," he asserted.

A good half of Mary's ice cream remained in the glass.

"Does yours?" he continued.

Mary shook her head.

"Lemme taste it?" he said, and plunged his spoon full into Mary's glass. She shrank from this unexpected onslaught, and clutching my arm, grew vocal with tears.

Ludovic was unmoved.

"Ain't she going to finish it?" he asked, and without waiting for an answer, fell to with spoon and fist until nothing remained but a little brown froth in the bottom of the glass.

I thought it polite to ignore Ludovic's breach of good manners, and ministered successfully to Mary's grief with a package of pepsin chewing gum. Fraulein had declined our cordial invitation to drink with us and volunteered, with the aid of a damp napkin, borrowed from the attendant, to wipe away the traces of tears and soda. Ludovic's mouth, a symphony in white, yellow, green and brown, testified to his eclectic taste in soda water. He protested vigorously against the use of the damp napkin.

"I won't take you to see the pictures," Fraulein threatened, "if you're not a good boy."

"I don't want to see the pictures," he wailed. "Want to play with Mary and the man. You always want to look at pictures. Mother says we must stay in the fresh air."

Fraulein blushed guiltily. We knew she had more than once sacrificed Mrs. Jenks' explicit instructions to her passion for the fine arts. Only last week Mary and I ran across Ludovic sliding down the balustrade rail of the grand staircase of the museum at the imminent peril of his neck, and after traversing a mile of galleries, discovered his Fraulein transfixed in front of a Martin Rico.

"Very well," she said, out of the corner of her mouth, "we shall walk," and she jerked Ludovic viciously in the opposite direction to the art museum.

A little "Oh" forced itself from Mary's tender breast and her under lip jutted and wagged ominously. Here was a critical situation where, if a diversion were not created, tears would be inevitable.

"Let's run after them," I cried, and we raced wildly down the walk. Two minutes later Fraulein was off to her galleries and Ludovic, Mary and I picked our way over the rocks to the borders of the lower lake.

Mary's brows were puckered into a little frown of perplexity and I knew what was passing through her mind. Should we brave the possibility of Ludovic's scorn, she thought, and disclose to him the true relations which existed between us, to wit, that of parent and child, and invite him to enter the family as titular father of myself and husband of Mary? He settled the matter for us by asking in a most significant fashion, how you pronounced "U-g-h."

"What," said I, "is u-g-h?"

He blushed in reply.

"It is something," he murmured, "that Indians say."

"Let us," Mary cried rapturously.

"Let us what?" I asked.

"Let us play Indians."

I demurred gently and suggested "Swiss mountain climbing." In my experience "Indians" is a rough amusement, and rather trying to a person of lachrymose temperament. So "Mountain climbing" it was, and I broke three twigs from a near-by bush for Alpenstocks, a large one for me and two smaller ones for Mary and Ludovic.

"Now look," said Ludovic, "we ought to be roped together, so if one of us should slip."

We tied our three handkerchiefs, but Mary's was too short, so we decided to forego the rope and trust each to his own sure footing. After a perilous ascent of some dozen feet we paused breathless from our exertions, when the sound of a shrill pipe broke on the clear mountain air.

"It's a goatherd," I said.

"A goatherd?" Ludovic asked, "What's that?"

I was about to reply when a voice hailed us. It sounded like a request of some kind.

"What did you say?" I called.

The request was repeated with profane emphasis.

"Get out of dere," it said, and took visible shape in a red-faced policeman. "Get back on de walk," he continued, and then he noticed our Alpenstocks.

"Where did you break off dem branches?" (He called those three puny twigs branches!)

"Come on, youse, to de armory," he said, and gripping me roughly by the arm, started to walk me rapidly along the path. Mary's face went dead white, and I thought she was going to faint.

"He's a monk of St. Bernard," I cried with

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a forced and hollow laugh, "and he's taking us all to his hospice."

Mary looked puzzled and the blood came back to her cheeks.

"None of your——lip," said the monk of St. Bernard.

I emitted another strained guffaw, and lifted Mary to my shoulder while Ludovic trotted on before. Ludovic turned suddenly. to the hospice. When we entered the cloister I had no heart to continue the game further, for no imagination could assign the role of Abbot to the broad-shouldered desk-sergeant who heard the officer's story of our heinous offense with a scowl like hanging Judge Jeffreys.

"Got any cash fer bail?" he inquired gruffly. Mary clung to my neck with the

"Get out of dere," it said, and took visible shape in a red-faced policeman.

"Where's your dog with the barrel under his neck?" he asked the monk, who became purple with suppressed rage and muttered something in which I caught the words "too blamed fresh" and "fan his britches if he ain't careful."

"You musn't speak to him, Ludovic," I said. "He is vowed to silence."

Ludovic was mystified and we plodded on despairing grip of the cramped and sinking swimmer, while Ludovic wept unaffectedly at my side.

I took out my scarf pin and watch and laid them on the sergeant's blotter. He scanned them carefully. It was a critical moment for us all. The watch was a Jurgenson, a present from my father on my twenty-first birthday, and the sergeant seemed satisfied.

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"Fifty-seventh Street Court to-morrow at nine," he said shortly, and turned the three of us into the blessed sunlight.

We steadied our nerves with a package of lozenges apiece and took a stage to the art museum, where we surrendered Ludovic to the art-satia ed Fraulein. Then we walked to the transverse road and put them on a car, and no sooner had they disappeared around the bend of the tunnel than we resumed our old relations.

We passed down the avenue of trees next to the park wall, and the afternoon sun glowed red in the windows of the houses opposite.

"Is my little boy tired?" murmured Mary.

I recognized the underlying suggestion, and lifted her in my arms till the soft velvet of her cheek was next to mine. Her eyes closed for utter weariness, and her breathing came regularly and slow.

My mother was sound asleep.

Together

By Brian Hooker

GLORY of a golden light over vale and hill,
Buttercups a-bending to the swift wind's will,
Summer-sweet in every breath, a bird on every spray—
And it's you and I together, Dear, the livelong day!

Wonder of a misty moon high above the wood,
Glamour in the valley and our own hearts' blood,
All the breathing dark alive with murmurs of delight—
And it's you and I together, Sweet, the livelong night!

Win a world or lose a world—peace or aching strain—
Summer dawn of joy, or Winter dusk of pain—
Every time I think of you, it's like a lilt of song,
For it's you and I together, Love, a whole life long!

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Current Opinion in New York

The Insurers of the Poor Are a Pack of Wolves

THE industrial insurance question is becoming one of great moment to the public, and the scandals connected therewith are more numerous than I ever supposed. Letters come to me each day disclosing an appalling state of affairs. It is notorious and obvious that these industrial insurance companies are carried on not for any benefit to the policy-holder but for the benefit of the officers of the companies. The greatest sufferers are the poor negro, the poor washerwoman and the hard-worked laborer, who are roped in by astute agents. No one until now has raised his voice in their behalf, nor attempted to put off the masks and let the sunlight of publicity in on these frauds and counterfeiters, who pose in all the centres of population, North and South, East and West, as giving "protection" (by industrial insurance). Only let them be exposed as gamblers and grabbers of fat salaries, while their wrong-doing cries to Heaven for vengeance, and their day will be over. The insurance wolves had a meeting, I understand, the other day in an uptown office, bedecked with gold and tapestries valued in the thousands, and at the head of the table, where the pack was called, sat the old gray wolf, a president of an industrial insurance company. Gathered about him were the little gray wolves, and they were snarling over the bones (their salaries). After resolving to procure more money from the poor and larger dividends and salaries for themselves, the old gray wolf, with glee and assurance, said: "We will drive Crane out before we get through with this business," and the little gray wolves ran around the room with delight and glee to hear the wisdom of the old gray wolf. Bless their puny souls, do they imagine that Crane has anything to do with this? Do they maintain that a man insignificant in himself, without influence, without friends, without millions, can reach them? Oh, no! It is God's law they must fight. It is the conscience of the public, righteousness and fair dealing among men.—*Leroy B. Crane, Magistrate.*

Mrs. Wharton is a Second-rate Novelist

MRS. WHARTON, in spite of her often admirable use of English, is distinctly a second-rate novelist, not only because her construction is as amateurish as possible, and her premises arbitrary, but because her puppets are pulled about to suit preconceived events and climaxes. Not a thing that occurs in the second part of "The House of Mirth" is logical or even probable, and if proof were necessary to any honest and intelligent critic this half of the book conclusively stamps Mrs. Wharton a non-creative writer. As long as she is on her own familiar ground the book, in spite of the dishonesty of the major premise—the thoughtless visit of an ambitious husband-hunting girl of insecure position, and nearly thirty years old, to a bachelor's apartment—the book runs smoothly enough, but from the moment she is obliged to use material obtained at second hand it begins to fall to pieces and betray her poverty of imagination. No one would listen to me at the time I predicted the inevitable end of Amelie Rives and Mrs. Craigie. The former had talent without brain, and the latter brain without talent. I am quite as ready to predict Mrs. Wharton's. Five years from now she will

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have worked out her thin vein of ore, her friends will have wearied, and the public and critics will be excited over some new "genius," who, like the rest of the world, mistakes an accident for genuine popularity. Until an author has published at least six works that have not only been eagerly bought up by the best class of readers, but by the ever-widening circle—and entirely independent of orchestral accompaniment—or one book that has stood the test of time, he, or she, has no title to be called even "a popular author," much less be given a definite position on the dignified plane of letters.—*Gertrude Atherton, Novelist.*

A Weak Police Chief is in a Wretched Position

IF a Commissioner is thoroughly independent of everybody, from the Mayor down and up, and has nothing to conceal, he can, without losing his dignity or injuring the service, speak with a certain degree of frankness on any subject appertaining to the police. If he is a bossed man or a consenting tool, with a string tied to his leg from the City Hall or a political headquarters, he is naturally afraid to say anything, for what he says to-day he will be asked to unsay to-morrow, and what he promised to do on Monday he will have to undo on Tuesday. He will not be sure, if he threatens a vice, but that a strong hand will pull the cord and he will have to face about, pelted by questions from the press which he cannot answer. If he makes a single unfair transfer or withdraws his hand from a crooked policeman or unjustly smites an honest one, he will be on the defensive and asked if he has not heard voices in the night, or whether he is following his own good judgment and conscience or is a puppet in other hands. If he has no settled policy, but is a mere opportunist, he will be naturally afraid to state his line of conduct because he has to change it so often.

The second chapter is devoted to "The Police Establishment," in which it is declared that any Police Commissioner in Mulberry Street who is corrupt can get rich and not be found out.—*William McAdoo, Ex-Commissioner of Police.*

New York Murderers Escape Trial Easily

IT is a lamentable fact that in this community, with its boasted civilization, and multiplicity of laws and law officers, a man accused of murder can escape without even the form of a trial. I do not say it is through the delay or negligence of the prosecution; I am simply commenting on the facts presented. I was compelled to discharge on Friday last a man accused of murder in the first degree, of which the admitted facts were these:—Two men were seen together by a policeman. One man ran away, the other fell. The policeman ran to the fallen man, found he had received nine stab wounds in the body and that the knife with which the stabbing was done was in one of the wounds. The policeman drew the knife out of the wound and arrested the man who had run away. There appeared to be stains on the man's hands. It is a lamentable fact that such a thing could occur in one of the crowded streets of this city—a man murdered and yet no one held for the crime. The Grand Jury was justified in discharging him, but, in my opinion, it betokens gross negligence and incompetence somewhere that such a brutal murder should take place and that no one is brought to justice.—*John W. Goff, Recorder.*

The Poor Have to Support Themselves and the Rich

MUCH of the hardship of the working classes is consequent upon the fact that they are obliged, not merely to support their own families, but to contribute, whether they will or not, to the support of other families, which live in idleness and luxury upon the products of the working people's toil. It is the nearly universal recognition of this fact among the working people of our country that leads more than all else to strikes and industrial disturbances, to ill-will, to class hatred, and to that craving for larger justice which underlies the Socialistic programme. The working woman sees, or at least feels, that excessive toil on her part would be unnecessary if the burdens of production were more fairly distributed, and if waste prevailed less widely. Excessive hours of toil and consequent craving for relaxation and refreshment lead naturally to the seeking of gayety or recreation after the day's work is done, and conditions under which alone gayety and recreation can be had by the average working girl in our large cities are far from conducive to the highest standards of living.—*Mrs. J. G. Phelps-Stokes, Reformer.*

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Our Crowded Street Cars Attract Thieves

EVERY morning the police bring before me large numbers of professional pickpockets. The relay each morning is different. It looks as if this class of offenders is on the increase —at least in this county; and no wonder, when you consider the opportunities afforded by the overcrowded condition of our public cars. The knowledge of these conditions probably attracts hither these nimble gentlemen from all parts of the country to a fruitful field for their operations. You take the elevated, the surface or the subway systems, and the same conditions exist. It is evident that the syndicate that owns and controls the entire system fails to furnish sufficient trains or cars. This saves thousands of dollars. Some one has said that the dividends are in the straps. Our citizens are practically cheated out of the rights they pay for. But the most serious of the wrongs of this unscrupulous crowding is the inviting opportunity it affords to pickpockets. Thus the corporate pickpockets are unconsciously in league with the common pickpockets.—*Magistrate Breen.*

Christian Socialism Is the Panacea for Modern Ills

I DO not believe in what is known as Communism—a creed which some people conflict with Christian Socialism, for the two are entirely opposite. Communism is socialism carried to the extreme. Its followers are too reckless. They believe that they should pour their possessions into a common fund for reckless distribution. Such action would be ruinous, for it would paralyze individual ambition and destroy commercial energy. On the other hand is Christian Socialism. It would convert this nation into a vast brotherhood with reciprocity of rights and reciprocity of duties. It is the creed of Justice. According to its laws every millionaire, having amassed his fortune with the assistance and at the expense of the general community, would own his wealth only as a trustee. Every worker, no matter what his field might be, would possess his talent only for the special purpose of benefiting the community, and he would violate his stewardship when he devoted his talent to unworthy ends.—*Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst.*

Our Public Officials Are Violating the Civil Service Rules

IT is certain, at least, that appointments to and removals from civil service positions in New York have been dictated by political considerations, regardless of constitutional requirements. We cite particularly the appointment, at the behest of the Mayor, of Michael C. Padden, one of the political workers of the Sullivan faction, to the important position of Water Register in charge of the collection of water rates, displacing an employee whose services were satisfactory to the Commissioner. And the Mayor has not been the only offender in this misuse of exempt positions. Among the appointments made by Comptroller Metz to help the McCarren faction we call particular attention to the designation as Deputy Comptroller of John H. McCooey, the former president of the Civil Service Commission, who was removed by Mayor McClellan on charges of dereliction of duty.—*Executive Committee, New York Civil Service Reform Association.*

Automobile Speeding Is an Evil and Ought to Be Abated

ENFORCE the law and the reckless use of automobiles in the streets and roads will soon cease. I have seen machines driven down Fifth avenue at twenty and twenty-five miles an hour when the volume of traffic there rendered such speed criminal. I have seen cars travel over wet asphalt at high speed, and then, with the sudden application of brakes, skid into the curb or turn squarely around, to the imminent peril of pedestrians and vehicles in the vicinity. Most of the speeding peril I think comes from high power cars in the hands of novice drivers. I am not advocating a campaign against automobilists everywhere, for, while I believe that the rights of other users of the highways at all times should be respected, there are stretches of road in the open country where more latitude ought to be allowed them. Still the police are altogether too lenient in the matter. If they would do their duty the nuisance would soon be abated.—*Albert R. Shattuck, President Automobile Club of America.*

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Our New York Aldermen Are Paid Enough

I DO not approve of the bill at Albany to increase the salaries of the members of the Board of Aldermen from $1,000 to $2,000 a year. I have always considered that $1,000 a year was more than generous payment for each member of the Board of Aldermen, but now that the board has been stripped of its franchise granting power—which means practically the only power it ever had—I can't for the life of me see where it is entitled to any pay at all. The increased remuneration will not, in my opinion, tend to enhance the character of the board. The best City Council we ever had was when the members received no payment. The finest governed cities in the world to-day do not pay their aldermen. — *Major General Daniel E. Sickles, former member of the Board of Aldermen.*

New York Millionaires Are Seizing the Adirondacks

MULTI-MILLIONAIRES are boldly and bodily seizing the Adirondack wilderness. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt has enclosed his 2,000 acres with a barbed wire fence, and men with shotguns are guarding the property so that no one dares to go near it. John D. Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan, William G. Rockefeller, Alfred G. Vanderbilt and a score of other New York millionaires have formed an Association for the Preservation of the Adirondacks, the motto of which seems to be the exclusion of everybody to the satisfaction of the millionaires. This I think is an outrage.—*Malby, State Senator.*

The Working Girl's Wrongs Are Genuine

THE average working girl's body and soul functions are not merely under constraint, but the conditions amid which she works are usually so unjust and so inimical to healthy growth and development of mind and body and spirit that instead of joyous acceptance of conditions, or indifference to them, her whole being cries out against their injustice. No amount of happiness or cheerfulness of natural disposition can offset or survive the sorrow and sadness which come over her when she sees herself and her sister workers handicapped in the struggle toward nobler womanhood. — *Rose Harriet Pastor Stokes, Reformer.*

New York Men Do Everything by Proxy

IN England it is the man who keeps abreast of the times and who "does things that are really worth while," but in America the average man leaves the things which are outside of his business to his wife. If he has a wife or a fiancee he expects her to do the reading for him. The other day I asked a man if he had read any history of the world. "No," he answered, "but my wife is reading it." Then I asked him if he had read 'David Harum.' "No, but my wife read it," he answered. I kept on inquiring about various things and found that most things which were worth doing he had not done, but his wife had.—*Mary Mortimer Maxwell, Author.*

McClellan Is Punishing His Enemies

MC CLELLAN is doing everything in his power to punish those who voted or worked against him. McClellan knows and fully realizes that about 90 per cent. of the entire Police Department voted against him and *he is after the scalp of every man who worked against him.* The little fellow with the big hat when he was sworn into office said: "In all human probability this is the last public office that I shall ever hold." McClellan knew what he was talking about, and he at that time knew what he was going to do with the police force and others over whom he had any control.

A Benevolent Despotism Is the Best

I BELIEVE in "boss" government. Anybody who believes in God is bound so to believe. An intelligent and benevolent despotism is the best government, but it is hard to get, and so our fathers, in the words of Jefferson, proclaimed that "that government is best which governs least."—*Lemuel Ely Quigg, Local Republican Leader.*

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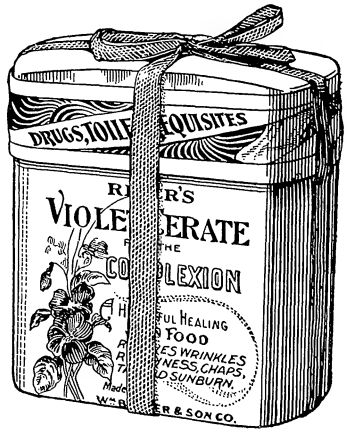

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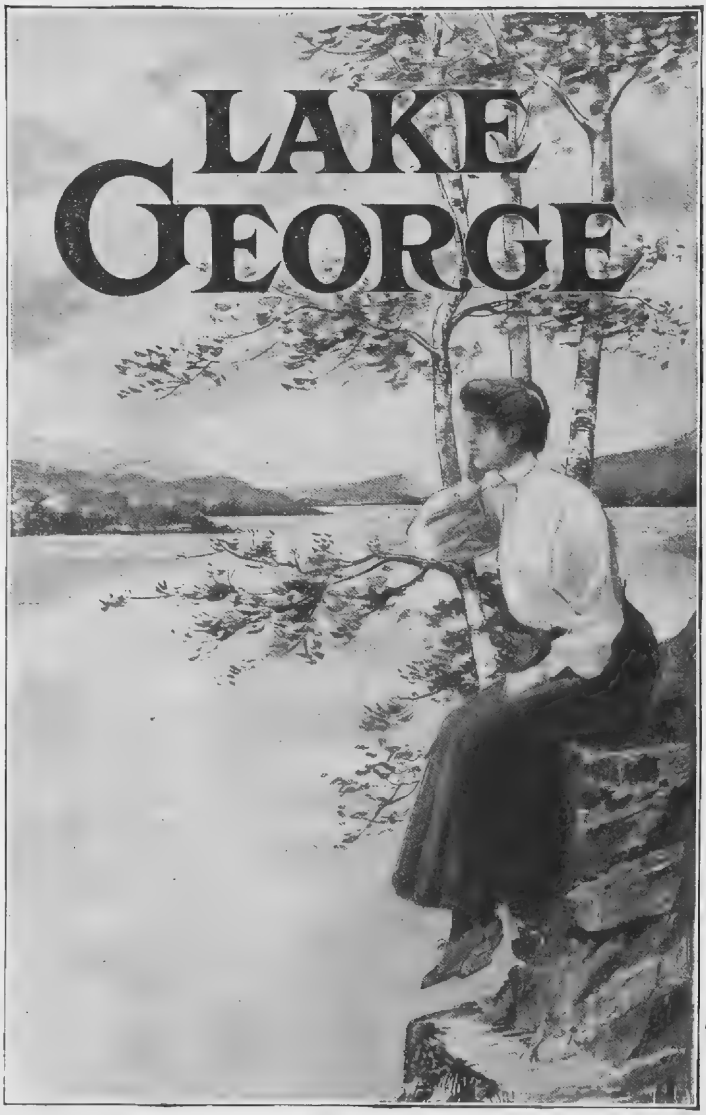

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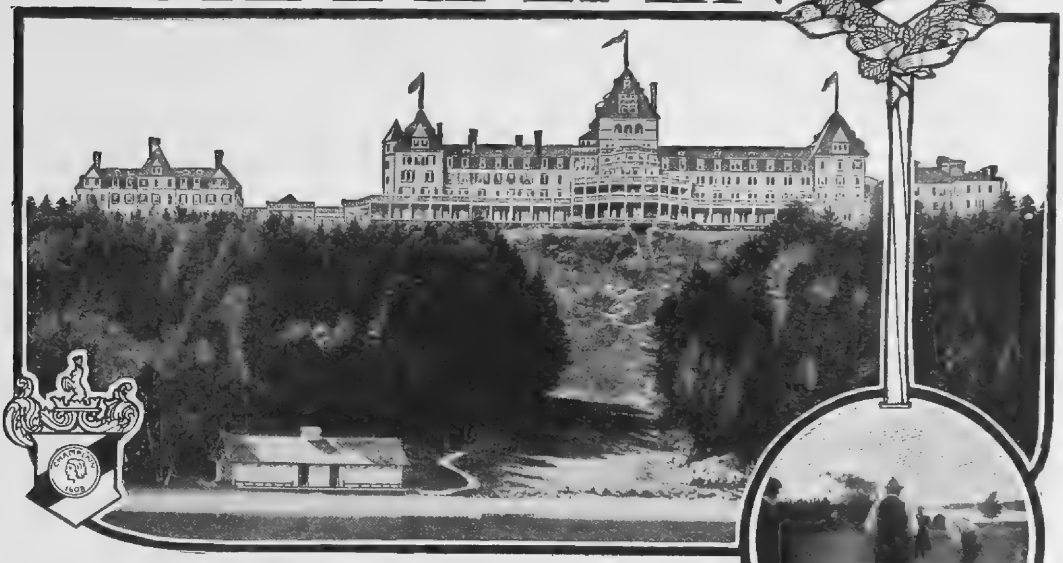

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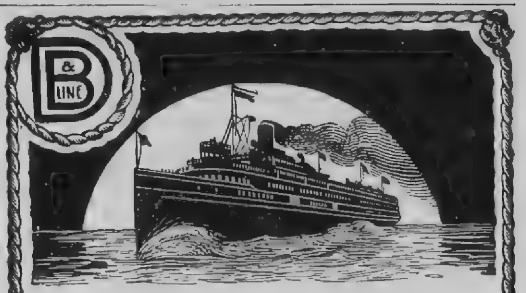

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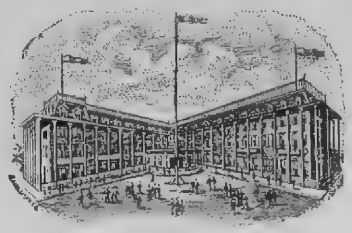

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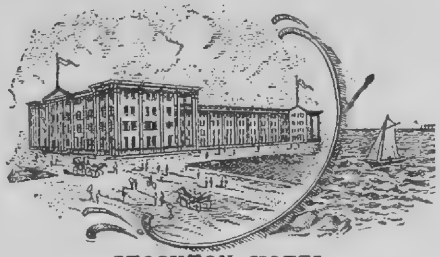

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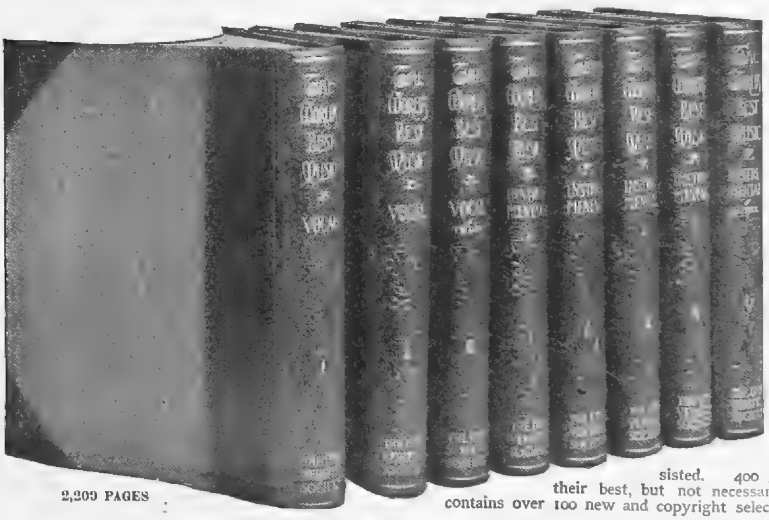

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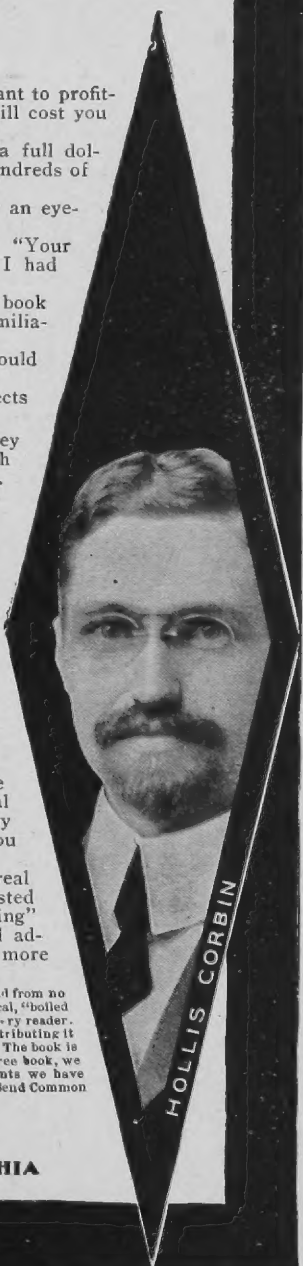

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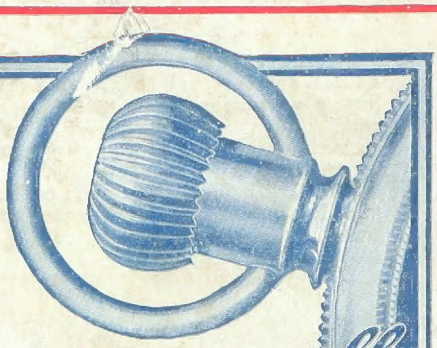

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